

BATMAN
No.44

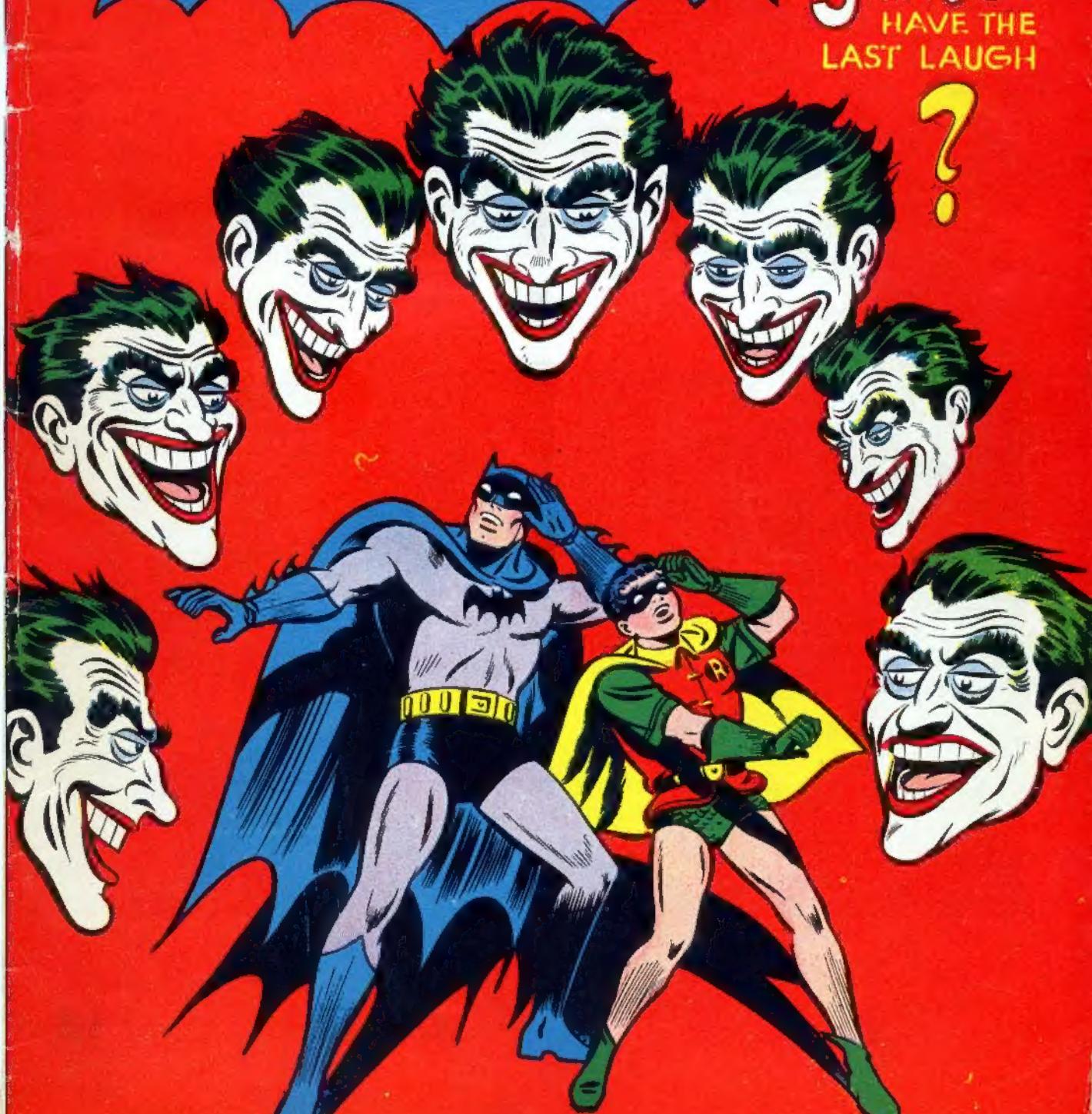
DEC...JAN.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Will The
Joker
HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH



Kodak

Party Time = Snapshot Time

Snapshots make good times go on and on. For there's endless pleasure in seeing pictures of fun and friends . . . photos that show the crowd, the place, the things you did.

Night and day, indoors or out, Kodak Verichrome Film makes picture-taking simple as can be. It takes out the guesswork. With Verichrome, you press the button—it does the rest. Use it—in the Brownie Reflex . . . in *any* camera—it's America's favorite film by far.



Kodak Cameras and Film
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



By the way, for those special Christmas greetings there is nothing smarter than cards made from your own snapshots. See your Kodak dealer about it—now!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

WHEN THE EVIL FASCINATION OF GAMBLING SEIZES THAT MAD BUFFOON, THE JOKER, NO ORDINARY STAKES CAN SATISFY HIM! NOTHING BUT A BIZARRE GAME FOR LIFE OR DEATH CAN CONTENT THE CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME, WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN AS HIS OPPONENTS IN A FANTASTIC —

"GAMBLE WITH DOOM!"



BATMAN, No. 44, Dec.-Jan., 1947-48. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205

E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



A HIDDEN, ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE...



LADY FORTUNE SMILES ON THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!
AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL...



YOU'VE BROKEN THE BANK!
YOU'VE WON EVERY CHIP
IN THE HOUSE!

TOO BAD! IT
ENDS MY
WINNING,
STREAK!



LATER, AT THE
JOKER'S UNIQUE
HIDEOUT...

LEWIS, I'M SO
THRILLED WITH GAMBLING THAT I'M
GOING TO PLAY A SUPER-GAME.
BATMAN WILL BE MY OPPONENT
AND *REAL LIVES* WILL BE THE
STAKES!



BATMAN

EVENINGS AFTERWARD, AN EERIE SIGN STABS GOTHAM CITY'S NIGHT SKY!

PRESENTLY, IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

BRUCE - THE BAT SIGNAL!

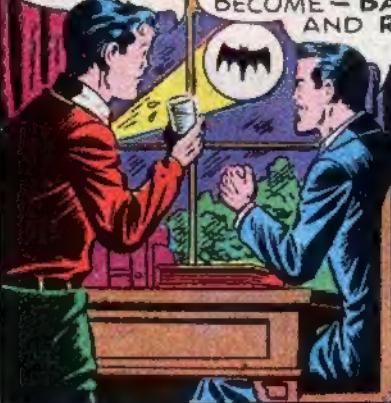
TIME FOR US TO FORGET WE'RE DICK GRAYSON AND BRUCE WAYNE AND BECOME - BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THIS MAN LEWIS CLAIMS TO HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR YOU!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEM - IF YOU PROMISE ME THE REWARD!

LET'S GO! THAT RADIUM IS BADLY NEEDED!

BATMAN, I CAN LEAD YOU TO THE TWO CROOKS WHO STOLE THAT HOSPITAL RADIUM SHIPMENT.



LATER, A POWERFUL SPEEDBOAT HEADS OUT TOWARD A SMALL ISLAND...

BATMAN, THE RADIUM THIEVES ARE HIDING IN THAT HOUSE!



BUT INSIDE THE ISLAND-MANSION...

THE JOKER! THIS IS A TRAP!

HA, HA, HA! AND NOW I'LL SPRING IT!



A NEW TWIST - JACKPOT HITS MAN!

BONG



AFTER THE DYNAMIC DUO RECOVERS FROM THE STUNNING TRICK...

HERE ARE THE RADIUM THIEVES—DREW AND LANE! I CAPTURED THEM—BUT THEY HAD BURIED THEIR RADIUM LOOT ELSEWHERE!

GEE, BATMAN, IF WE'D KNOWN THAT WAS HOSPITAL RADIUM WE WOULDN'T HAVE STOLEN IT!

BATMAN, I'LL GAMBLE WITH YOU FOR THESE TWO AND THEIR RADIUM SECRET!

IT'S NO DEAL, JOKER, I NEVER GAMBLE!



WIN THREE TIMES AND YOU WIN THEIR LIVES AND THE RADIUM SECRET! IF YOU LOSE, THEY DIE!

BUT I TOLD YOU, I HATE ALL GAMBLING!

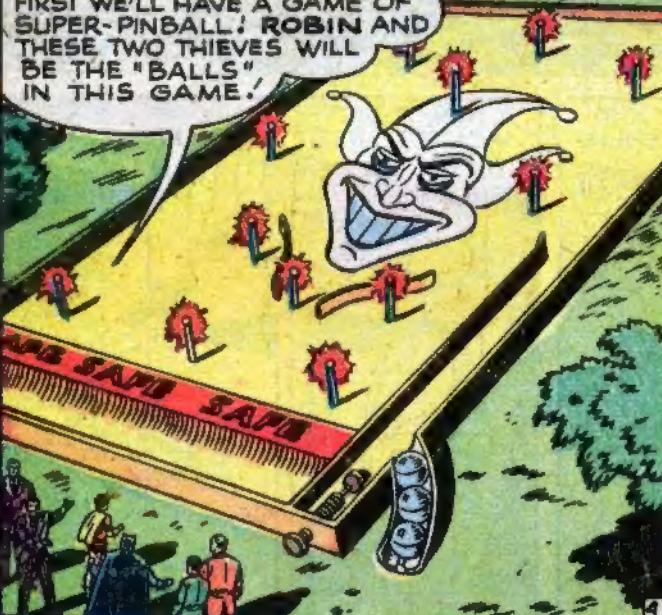
REFUSE AND I'LL FINISH THEM AND ROBIN NOW—AND YOU LOSE THE HOSPITAL'S RADIUM!

THE FIEND! I'LL HAVE TO BET MY SKILL AGAINST HIM, TO SAVE THREE LIVES AND THE RADIUM!



SOON—THE DIABOLICAL GAME OF DEATH BEGINS!

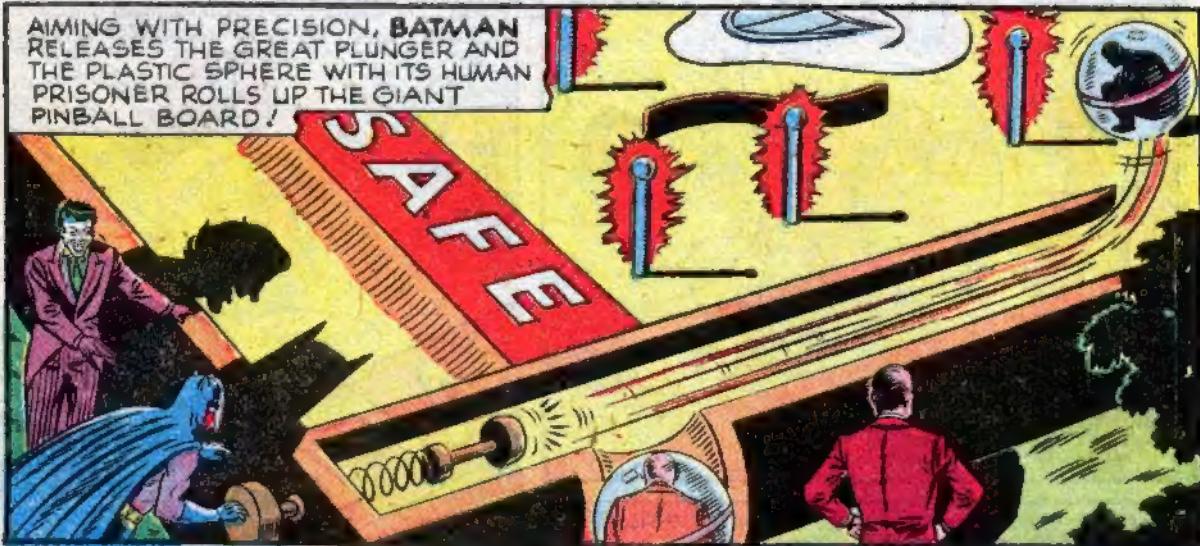
FIRST WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF SUPER-PINBALL! ROBIN AND THESE TWO THIEVES WILL BE THE "BALLS" IN THIS GAME!



THE "PINS" ARE LIVE WIRES! AND EACH PLASTIC BALL IS WIRED—IF IT TOUCHES A "PIN," THE MAN INSIDE WILL BE ELECTROCUTED! START PLAYING, BATMAN!

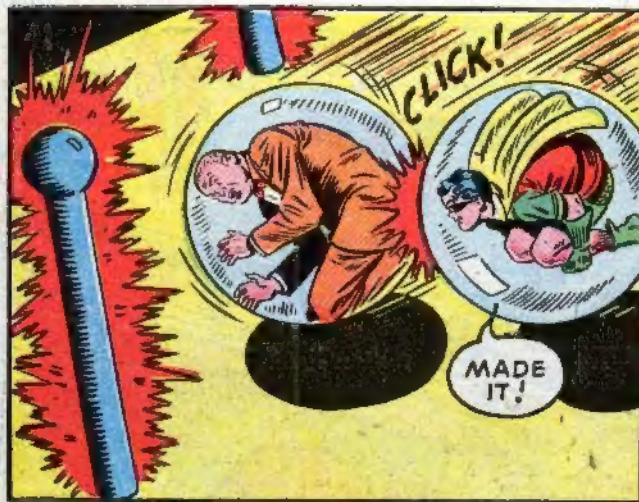


AIMING WITH PRECISION, BATMAN RELEASES THE GREAT PLUNGER AND THE PLASTIC SPHERE WITH ITS HUMAN PRISONER ROLLS UP THE GIANT PINBALL BOARD!



USING HIS ACROBATIC AGILITY, ROBIN ROLLS INSIDE HIS SPHERE TO CHANGE ITS COURSE!



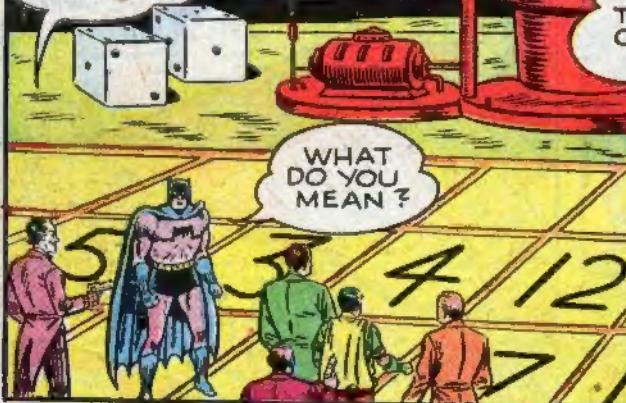


FINALLY—"SAFE"—AFTER MISSING THE DEADLY "PIN" BY A HAIR'SBREATH...



ON THE GREEN LAWN OUTSIDE THE GRIM JESTER'S GAMBLING PALACE...

ROUND TWO, BATMAN! NOW WE'LL SHOOT DICE FOR THE MEN'S LIVES! AND IF YOU BET WRONG, THEY DIE!



PICK THREE NUMBERS! ROBIN AND THE TWO CROOKS WILL BE CHAINED TO PEGS IN THEM, AND THE HUGE DICE WILL CRUSH ONE OR ALL IF YOU BET WRONG.

A FIEND'S DICE GAME!



EVERY SENSE ALERT, THE CAPE MANHUNTER CALCULATES HOW THE DICE WILL FALL...

HE'S GETTING MUD ON THE RIGHT HAND EDGE OF THE DICE! IT SHOULD MAKE THEM SWERVE TO THE LEFT!

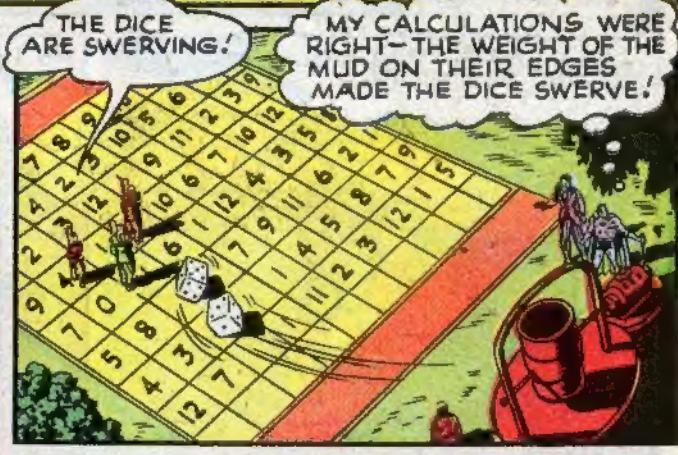
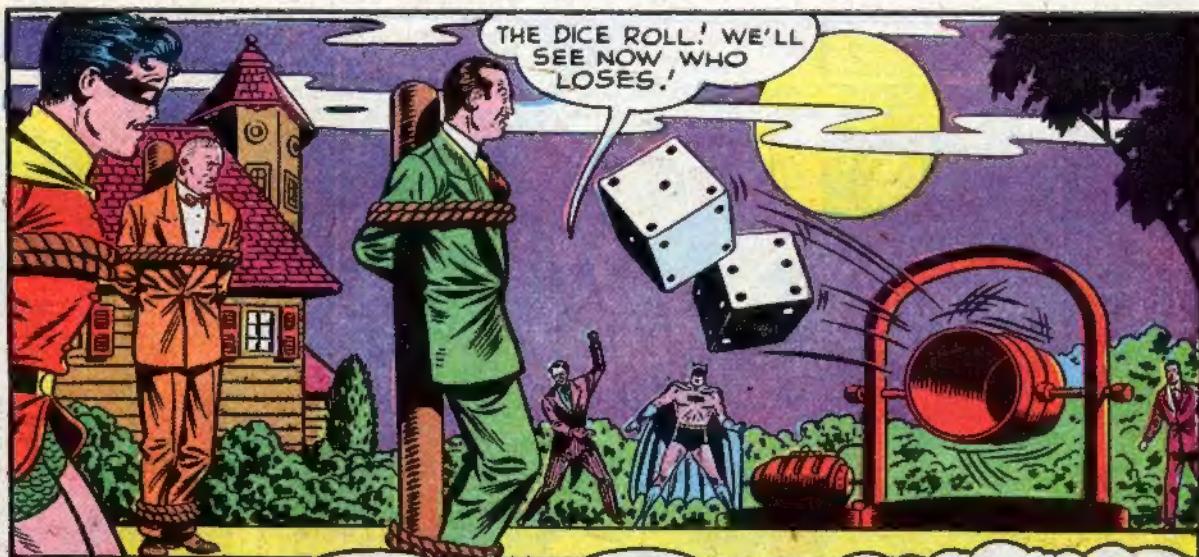
I CHOOSE 4, 6, AND 11!



NOW THAT THE DICE ARE IN THE CUP, TOUCH THAT SWITCH AND THE MOTORS WILL SHAKE THEM OUT!

IF MY FIGURING WAS WRONG, SOMEONE WILL DIE!





IN A FANTASTIC ROOM OF THE JOKER'S MANSION...

THIS IS MY CARD ROOM, BATMAN! AND HERE YOU AND I PLAY OUR THIRD GAME.

WHAT GAMBLER'S TRICK HAVE YOU IN MIND NOW?

ONE OF THOSE PLAYING CARD PANELS IS A REMOTE-CONTROLLED DOOR! THE THREE ARE LOCKED IN...



... AND DEADLY GAS IS PUMPED INTO THE SEALED ROOM! TURN ON THE GAS, LEWIS!

TOUCH THE RIGHT CARD, BATMAN, AND A SECRET DOOR IN THERE WILL OPEN! IT'S THEIR ONLY CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

ONLY ONE CHANCE IN DOZENS!



ONCE AGAIN THREE LIVES HANG ON BATMAN'S CHOICE!

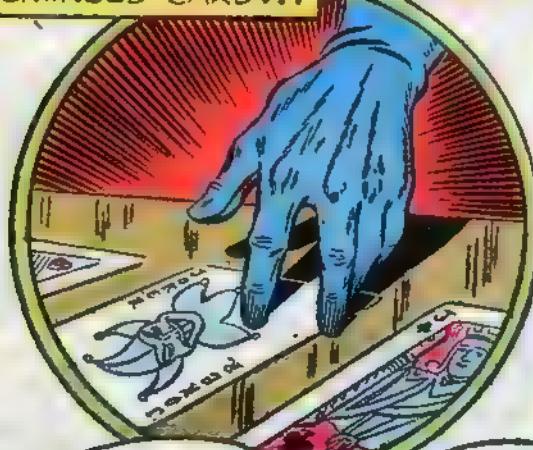
WHICH CARD WOULD THE JOKER USE FOR THE SECRET DOOR?

CHOOSE QUICKLY! THE GAS IS OVERPOWERING THEM!

THE JOKER CARD! HE'D FIGURE I'D AVOID THAT, BUT USING IT WOULD APPEAL TO HIS MAD HUMOR! I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!



A QUIVERING HAND TOUCHES AN
OMINOUS CARD...



...AND THE HIDDEN DOOR OF ESCAPE SWINGS
OPEN!

BATMAN GUESSED RIGHT!
QUICK, BEFORE THE GAS OVER-
COMES US!



JOKER, I'VE
WON THE THREE GAMBLES
FOR THE THIEVES' LIVES
AND THE RADIUM! ARE YOU
GOING TO STICK TO YOUR
BARGAIN?

NOT YET!
YOU AND I
HAVE ONE
FINAL GAMBLE
TO MAKE!

YOU'RE GOING TO
GAMBLE FOR YOUR
OWN LIFE NOW-
AGAINST MINE!

I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
YOU'D RING
IN AN EXTRA
TRICK!



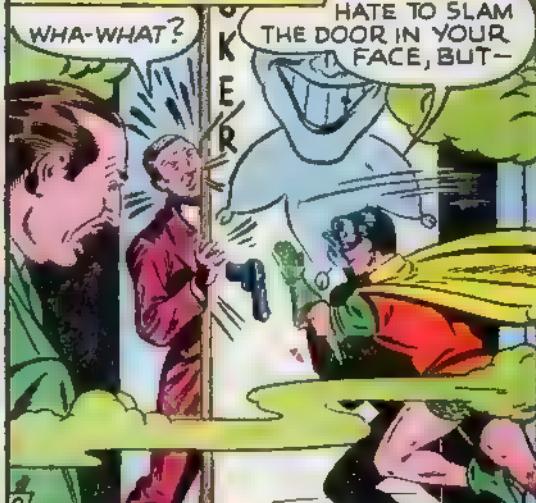
MEANWHILE... NOT SO FAST!
YOU THREE ARE
GOING BACK
IN THERE!

SO THE JOKER IS
WELSHING ON HIS
GAMBLE; I
MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN IT!



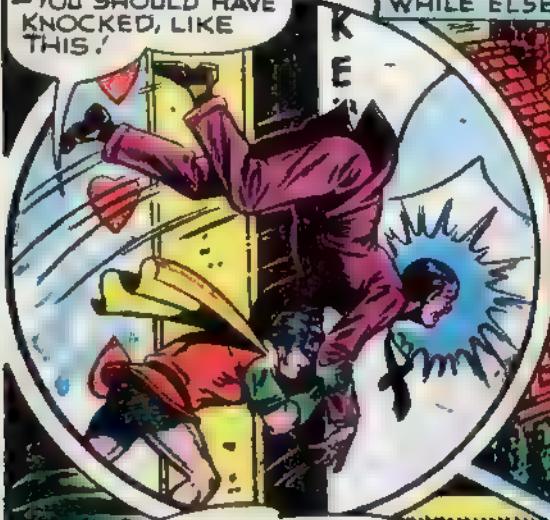
FORCED BACK THROUGH THE DOOR, ROBIN
SUDDENLY SLAMS IT...

WH-A-WHAT?
HATE TO SLAM
THE DOOR IN YOUR
FACE, BUT-

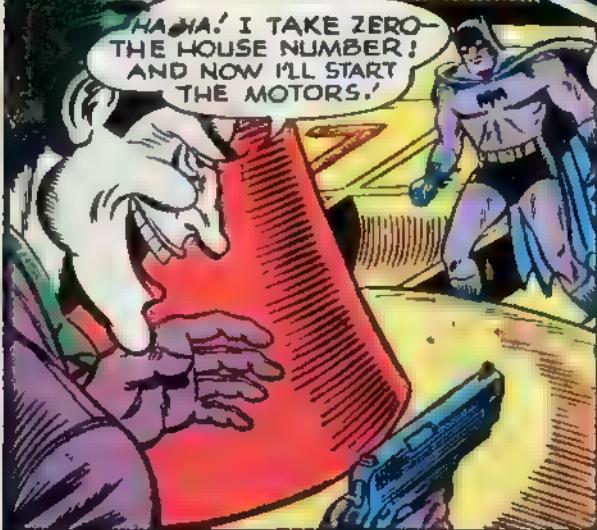


-YOU SHOULD HAVE
KNOCKED, LIKE
THIS!

WHILE ELSEWHERE...



HAAA! I TAKE ZERO
THE HOUSE NUMBER!
AND NOW I'LL START
THE MOTORS!



'ROUND AND 'ROUND
SPINS THE GREAT
WHEEL, WITH LIFE
THE PRIZE AND
DEATH THE PENALTY!

THIS WIRE ALONG
THE SIDE MUST "FIX"
THE WHEEL! IF I
COULD TEAR
THEM OUT...

HA, HA!
YOUR NUMBER
NEARLY CAME UP
THAT TIME!



BUT A SWIFT SNATCH AS THE WHEEL WHIRLS...

THAT DOES IT! AT LEAST THE WHEEL IS HONEST NOW!

HE'S WRECKED MY CONTROL OF THE WHEEL! THE BALL NEARLY HIT ME!

LIKE ALL GAMBLERS, YOU'RE CROOKED AND YELLOW AT THE END.

I COULD BE KILLED! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS.

30 12

13

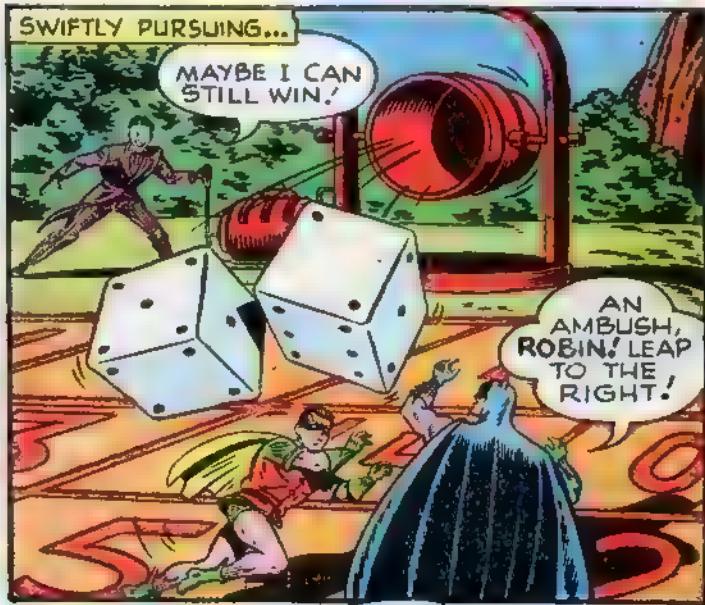
14

HA, HA! I KNOW WHEN TO QUIT GAMBLING!

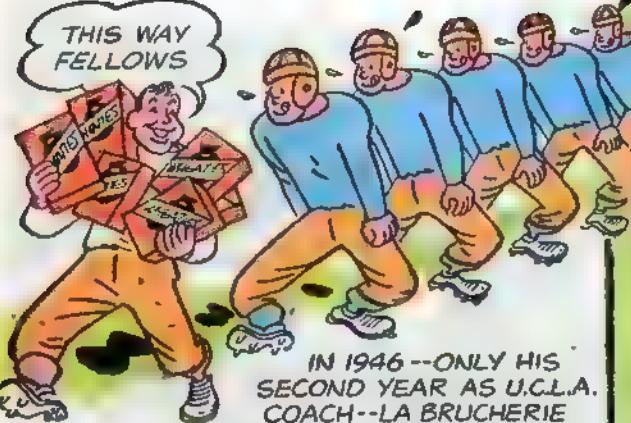
YOU DIDN'T QUIT SOON ENOUGH!

ROBIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

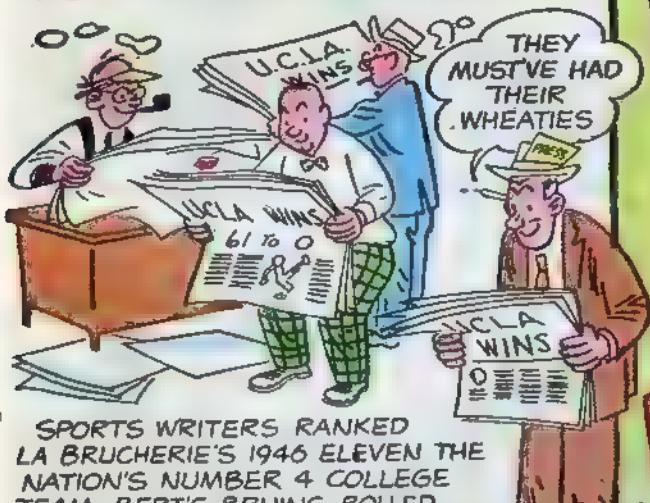
YES, AND I GOT THE RADIUM THIEVES OUT SAFELY!



THIS WAY
FELLOWS



IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS
SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A.
COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE
LED THE CALIFORNIANS
TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED
LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE
NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE
TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED
ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72
FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

"**M**Y BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME
RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL
OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH," SAYS BERT.
LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE
BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE
WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR
THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE
FOR YEARS."



LA BRUCHERIE

COACH OF THE
CHAMPION
U.C.L.A. BRUINS



WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and 'Breakfast of Champions'

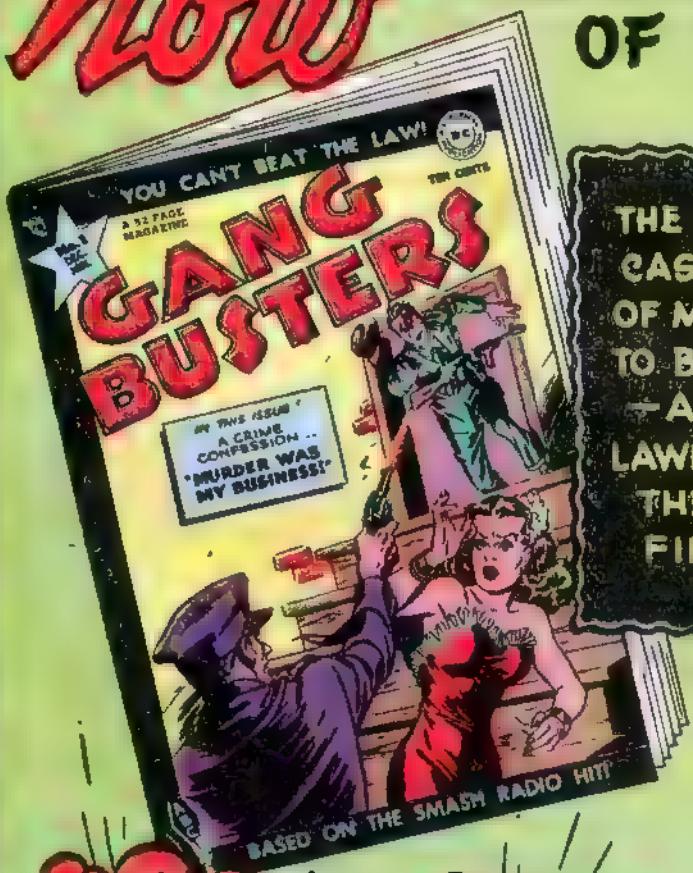
are registered trade marks of

General Mills, Inc.



RADIO'S
ALL-TIME
THRILL FAVORITE

Now IN A
COMICS MAGAZINE
OF ITS OWN!



THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
— AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!



DRAMA!

EXCITEMENT!

ACTION!

WATCH FOR THIS FIRST ISSUE
AT *Your* NEWSSTAND!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB
KANE

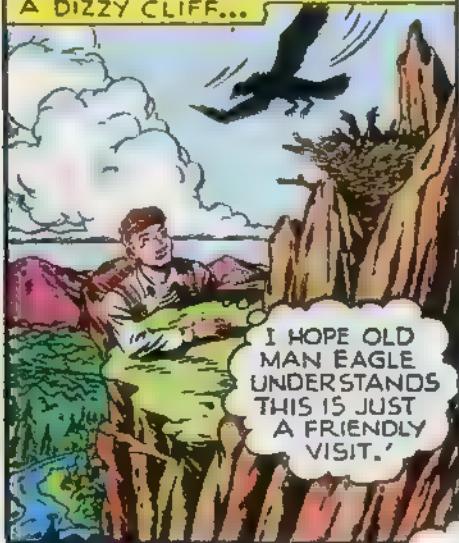


THIS IS THE STORY OF BILL JORDAN, AN ORDINARY BOY WHO DREAMED OF LIVING A LIFE OF THRILLS AND DANGER. BUT A CRUEL FATE RULED THAT BILL'S DREAMS WERE NOT TO COME TRUE—THAT HE WAS DOOMED TO A DULL AND UNEXCITING LIFE IN A MUSEUM—UNTIL HE CROSSED THE PATH OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, AND LEARNED THAT HE, LIKE

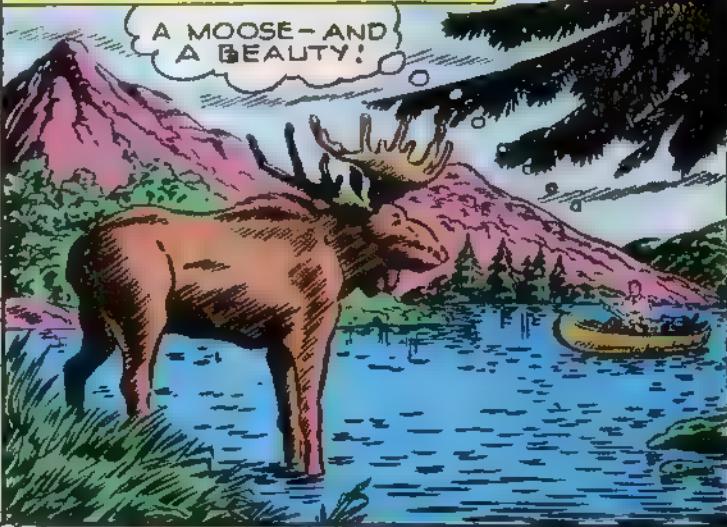
THEM, WAS—

"BORN FOR ADVENTURE!"

BILL JORDAN ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING AN EXPLORER. AS A BOY, HE WOULD RISK HIS NECK TO CLIMB A DIZZY CLIFF...



DURING SUMMER VACATIONS, BILL HUNTED WILD GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS...



THE YEARS ROLLED BY, AND THE OLDER BILL GREW, THE MORE HE DREAMED OF FAR-OFF PLACES...



ON THE DAY OF HIS GRADUATION FROM GOTHAM UNIVERSITY...



NEXT DAY AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM...



YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE FINE, JORDAN. IF OUR DOCTOR PASSES YOU, YOU'RE ALL SET!



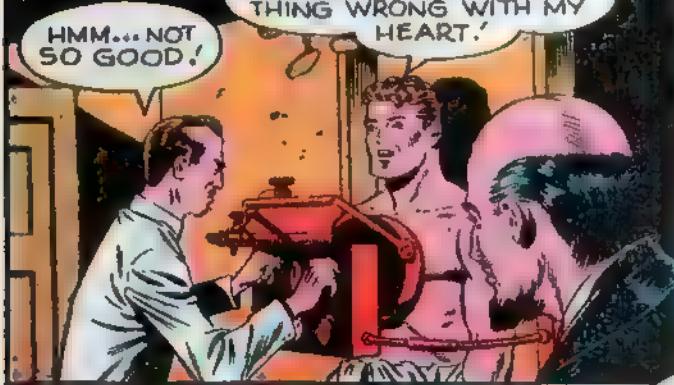
IN THE OFFICE OF THE EXPEDITION'S DOCTOR, ALL GOES WELL—TILL AN ELECTROCARDIOGRAPH TEST IS MADE!

BUT THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY HEART!

I'M AFRAID THERE IS, BILL! NO EXCITEMENT FOR YOU!

IT'S A SHAME, BUT THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT!

HMM... NOT SO GOOD!

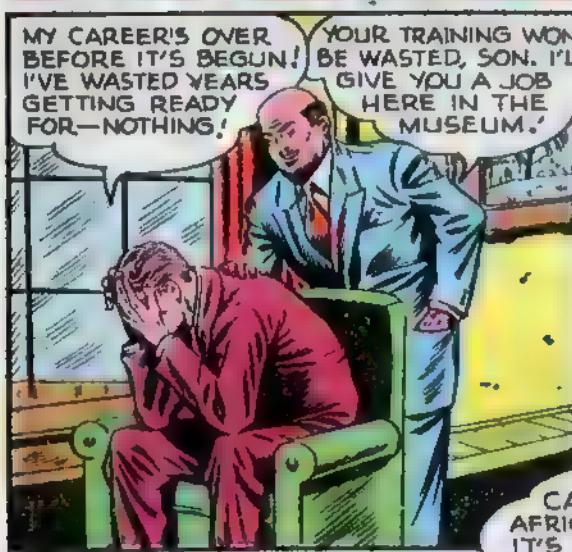


MY CAREER IS OVER BEFORE IT'S BEGUN! I'VE WASTED YEARS GETTING READY FOR—NOTHING!

YOUR TRAINING WON'T BE WASTED, SON. I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB HERE IN THE MUSEUM.

IT WILL BE ALMOST THE SAME WORK YOU'D DO IN THE JUNGLE, EXCEPT FOR THE RISKS!

IT WON'T SEEM THE SAME—BUT THANKS! I'LL DO MY BEST!



DAYS LATER, AS SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON TAKE A STROLL...

CATALOGING THE AFRICAN SECTION, JORDAN? IT'S AN IMPORTANT JOB!

NOT VERY THRILLING, THOUGH! I WISH I HAD BEEN THE MAN TO DISCOVER THESE TROPHIES!

SOME MUSEUM, BRUCE! ZOO, BOTANICAL GARDEN... WHAT WILL LAMARR FIND IN AFRICA THAT ISN'T RIGHT HERE?





I KNOW HOW JORDAN FEELS! IF BATMAN AND ROBIN WEREN'T BUSY ON A MAN-HUNT, I'D LOVE TO GO TO AFRICA!

NO VACATIONS, FELLA, TILL WE TRAP THE CRIMINAL WE'RE AFTER - THE GLOBETROTTER!

REX LAMARR FIELD DIRECTOR

IN PARIS...

SHALL I CARVE A MAP OF MY ROUTE ON YOUR FACE WITH THIS SWORD, SO YOU'LL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR ME NEXT?

SACRÉ BLEU! C'EST LE GLOBETROTTER!

THE GLOBETROTTER, INFAMOUS FUGITIVE, HAS BLAZED A TRAIL OF FANTASTIC FELONIES AROUND THE WORLD! IN CEYLON...

AI-EE! THEY HAVE STOLEN THE UNTOUCHABLE RUBY!

HO, HO! THE POLICE WILL FIND ME UNTOUCHABLE, TOO!

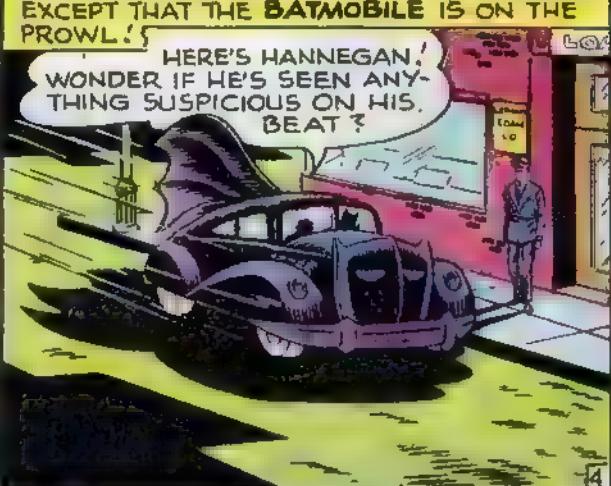
FROM SANDY HOOK TO SINGAPORE MY "QUICK-FREEZE" GAS HAS DISCOURAGED THE CURIOUS! PROP HIM BESIDE THE DOOR, BOYS!

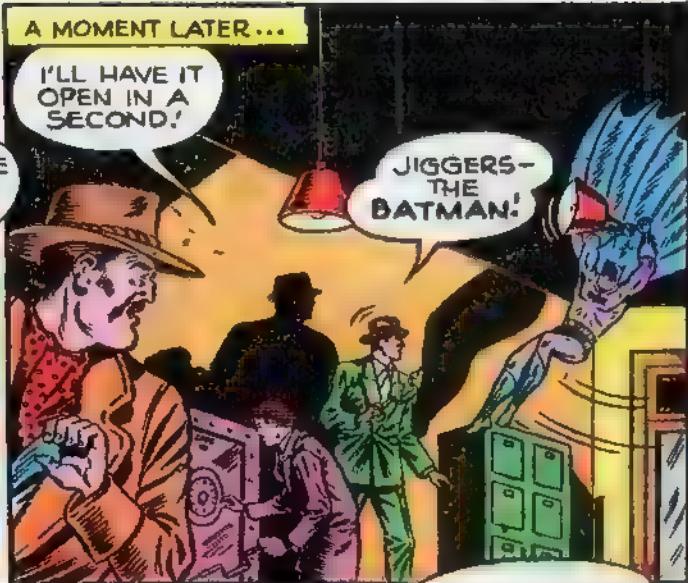
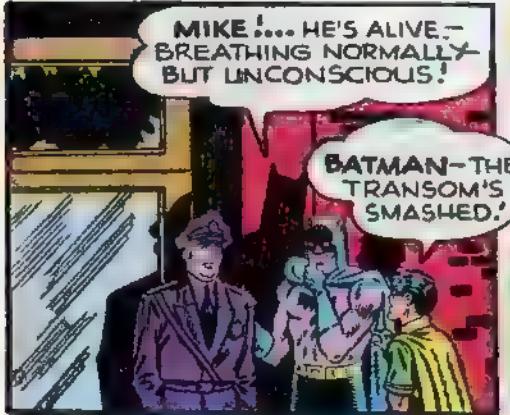
HE'LL BE STIFF AS A BOARD FOR 15 MINUTES! WHO'LL GUESS WE'RE PULLING A JOB WITH A COP STANDING OUTSIDE?



A CLEVER RUSE, WHICH MIGHT HAVE WORKED - EXCEPT THAT THE BATMOBILE IS ON THE PROWL!

HERE'S HANNEGAN! WONDER IF HE'S SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS ON HIS BEAT?







IN A STRETCH OF PARK BEHIND THE MUSEUM...

THINK HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS, BATMAN?

ANYBODY PROWLING IN THE PARK RIGHT NOW IS SUSPICIOUS! UP YOU GO!



HUH-? BATMAN!
EASY—I'M NO CROOK! MY NAME'S BILL JORDAN AND I'VE BEEN WORKING LATE AT THE MUSEUM!



SO ROBBERS ARE HEADED THIS WAY? I THOUGHT I HEARD A COMMOTION OVER NEAR THE ZOO! ANIMALS CAN SENSE TROUBLE!

AS A STUDENT OF NATURAL HISTORY, YOU SHOULD KNOW!



IT'S THE ZOO WATCHMAN—UNCONSCIOUS AND BOUND!

HE'LL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS SOON, BUT WE CAN'T WAIT! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, ANYWAY!



NO JUNGLE ROVER COULD TRAIL MORE EXPERTLY THAN THIS!

AH! BROKEN TWIGS— AND FOOTPRINTS POINTING TOWARD THE MUSEUM!

AS A BIG-GAME HUNTER, JORDAN, YOU'RE DOING FINE!



AND AT THE MUSEUM...

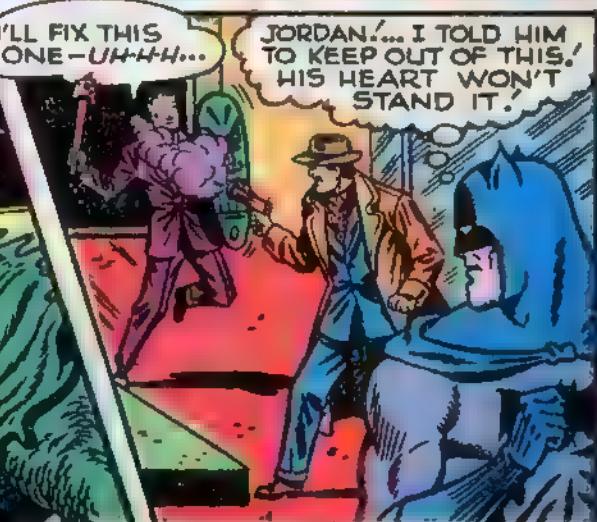
TIE THE GUARD

KEYS! THEY'LL

SEARCH THE PARK— BUT WHO'LL THINK OF LOOKING FOR US INSIDE HERE?

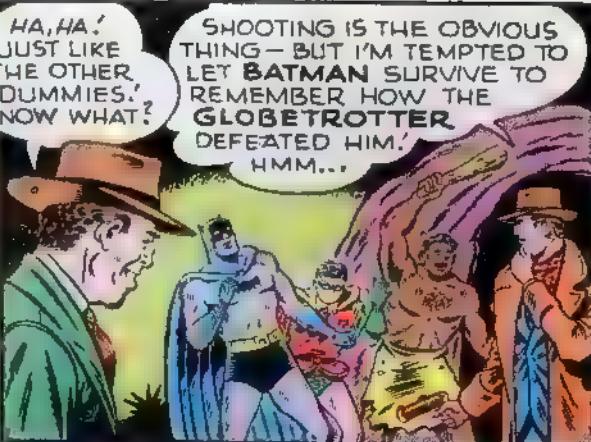
WHAT'S MORE, WE CAN LOOT THE PLACE!



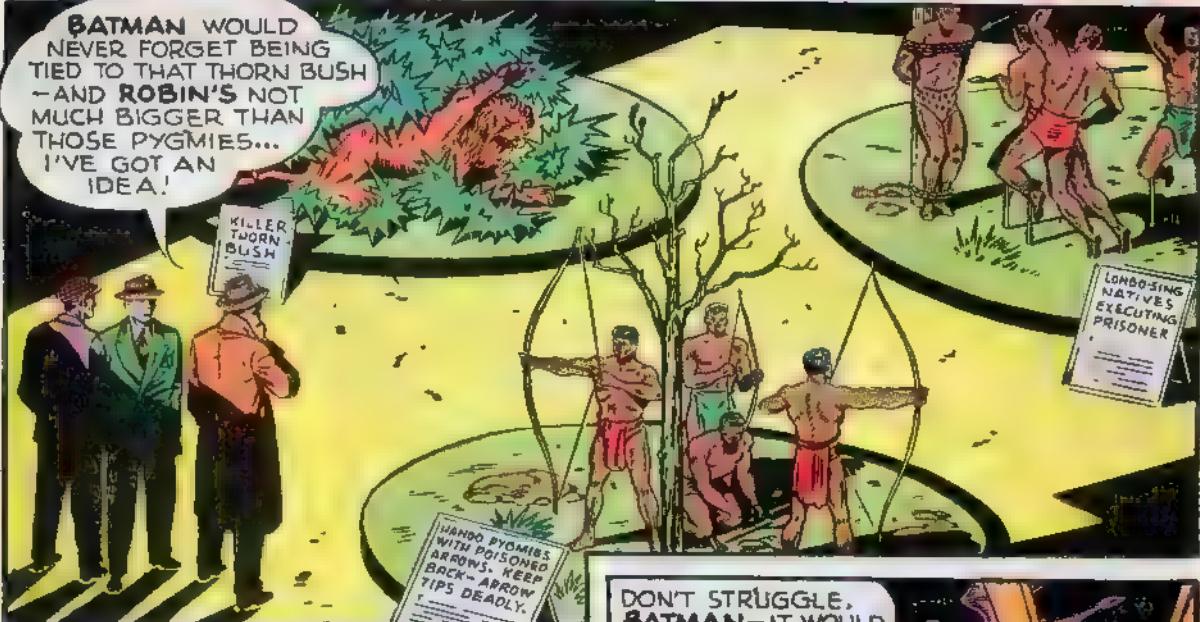




NEXT MOMENT...

LOOK OUT!
ROBIN! THAT
GAS—UH-H-H...YOU SHOULD
HAVE LOOKED
OUT FOR YOUR-
SELF!HA, HA!
JUST LIKE
THE OTHER
DUMMIES.
NOW WHAT?SHOOTING IS THE OBVIOUS
THING—BUT I'M TEMPTED TO
LET BATMAN SURVIVE TO
REMEMBER HOW THE
GLOBETROTTER
DEFEATED HIM.
HMM...

BATMAN WOULD
NEVER FORGET BEING
TIED TO THAT THORN BUSH
—AND ROBIN'S NOT
MUCH BIGGER THAN
THOSE PYGMIES...
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!

KILLER
THORN
BUSHHABOO PYGMIES
WITH POISONED
ARROWS. KEEP
BACK—ARROW
TIPS DEADLY.LONDO-SING
NATIVES
EXECUTING
PRISONERLATER, WHEN THE SINISTER EFFECTS OF THE
PARALYSIS GAS WEAR OFF...

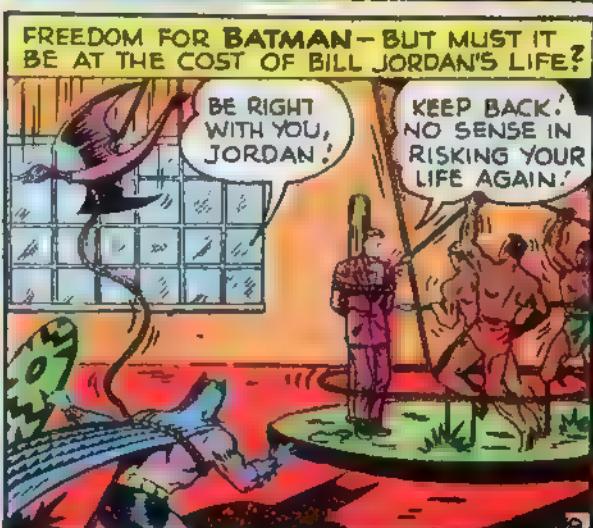
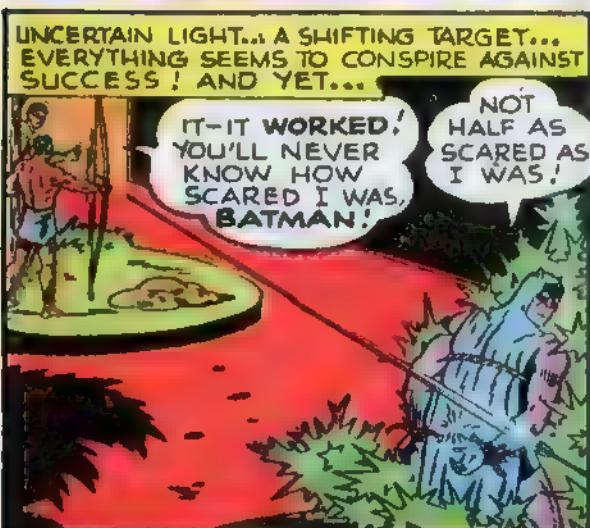
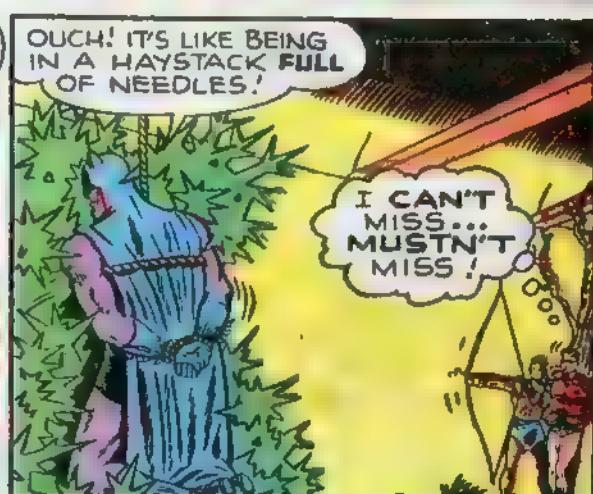
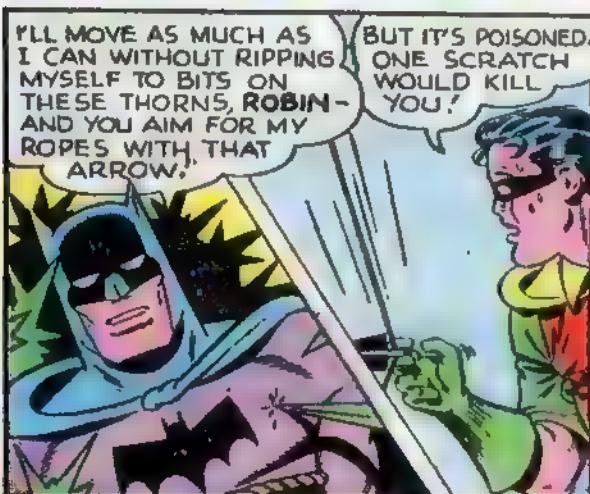
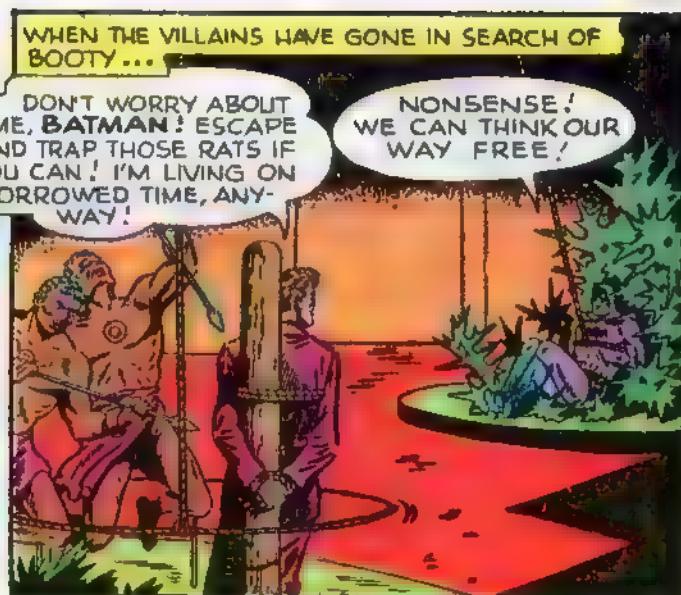
WHAT? I'M HOLDING
BACK A BOWSTRING—
WITH A POISONED
ARROW AIMED
STRAIGHT AT
BATMAN!

JUST SO YOU WON'T
TRY TO ESCAPE—which
WOULD MEAN LETTING
GO OF THE BOW-
STRING!



DON'T STRUGGLE,
BATMAN—IT WOULD
BRING DOWN THE
PTERODACTYL,
TIGHTEN THE
NOOSE AND
KILL YOUR FRIEND!

OF ALL THE
DIABOLIC
TRICKS—!





THE DEADLY SPEARS STRIKE—AND ARE FOILED!



A HASTY COUNCIL OF WAR FOLLOWS...

MY HEART'S HOLDING OUT FINE SO FAR! DON'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE REST OF THE PARTY!

I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT! KNOWING THIS PLACE, YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO TRAP THE GLOBETROTTER!

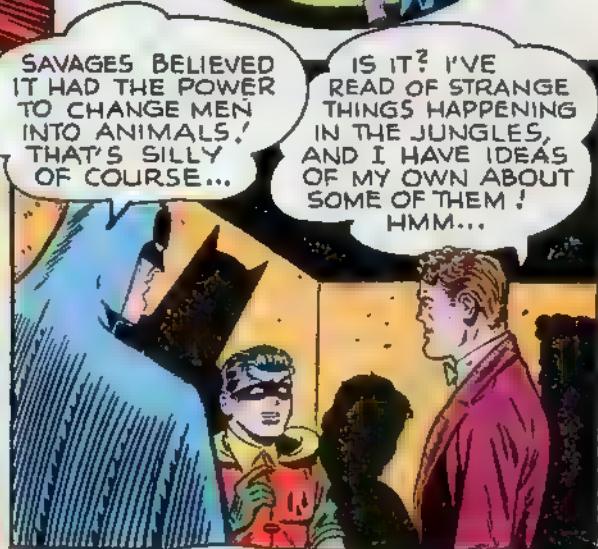
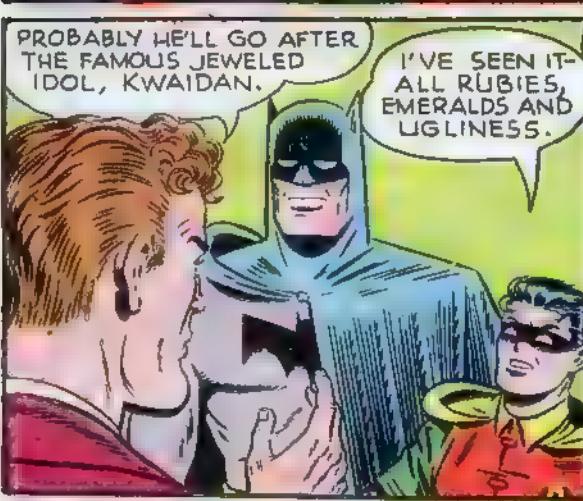


PROBABLY HE'LL GO AFTER THE FAMOUS JEWELED IDOL, KWAI DAN.

I'VE SEEN IT—
ALL RUBIES, EMERALDS AND UGLINESS.

SAVAGES BELIEVED IT HAD THE POWER TO CHANGE MEN INTO ANIMALS! THAT'S SILLY OF COURSE...

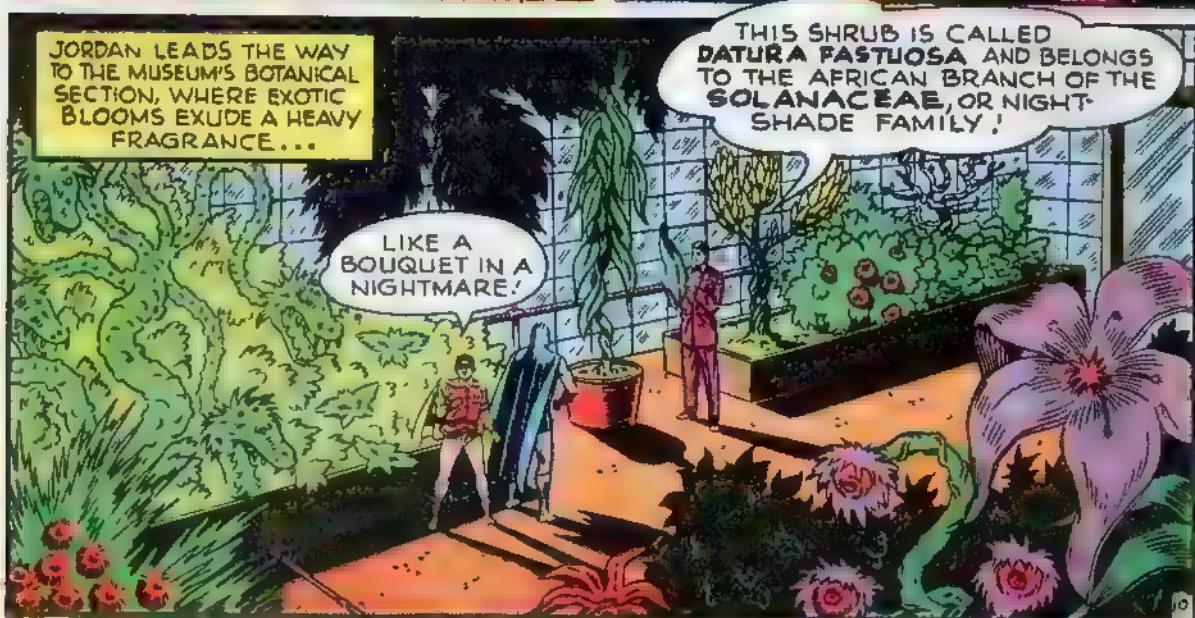
IS IT? I'VE READ OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING IN THE JUNGLES, AND I HAVE IDEAS OF MY OWN ABOUT SOME OF THEM! HMM...



JORDAN LEADS THE WAY TO THE MUSEUM'S BOTANICAL SECTION, WHERE EXOTIC BLOOMS EXUDE A HEAVY FRAGRANCE...

LIKE A BOUQUET IN A NIGHTMARE!

THIS SHRUB IS CALLED DATURA FESTUOSA AND BELONGS TO THE AFRICAN BRANCH OF THE SOLANACEAE, OR NIGHT-SHADE FAMILY!

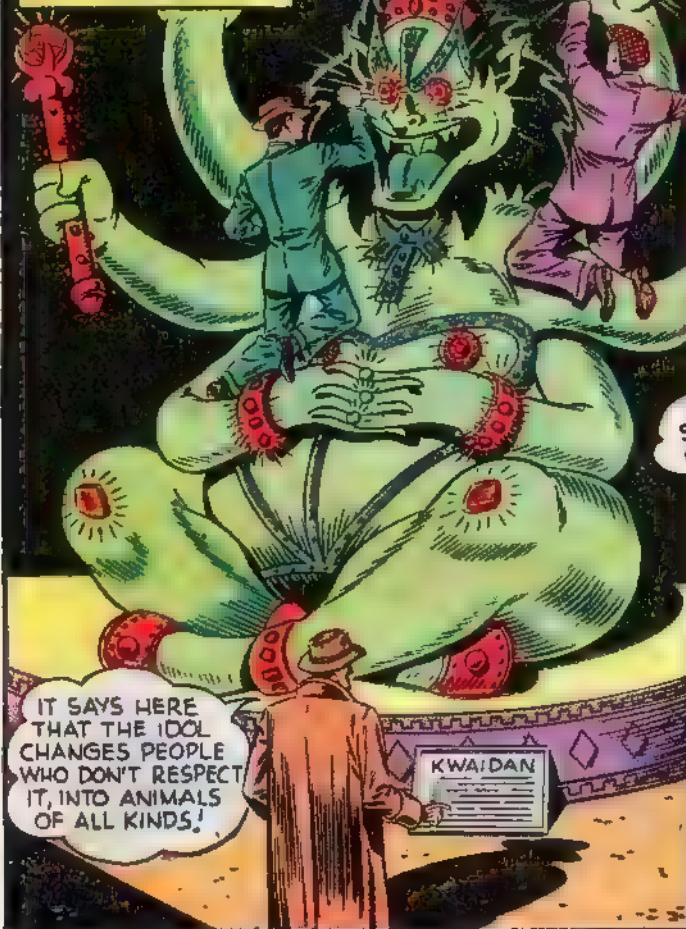




IN ANOTHER PART OF THE VAST BUILDING, THE VILLAINS HAVE ALREADY FOUND THE GROTESQUE, JEWELED IDOL...

THESE RUBIES SHINE LIKE THERE WAS A FIRE INSIDE!

ANYBODY COULD MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME WITH GEMS LIKE THIS! AND SPEAKING OF FIRE, LOOK-SMOKE! IT SMELLS FUNNY... MAKES ME FEEL FUNNY, TOO...



MONKEY, DID I SAY?... MONKEY? CHRR! CHRRR!

NOW YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A DONKEY!... HUH? I'M GETTING DIZZY...



CUT IT OUT, YOU GORILLAS!

HEE-HAW!

GORILLA... ARRRGH-HH...

CHEEP-CHEEP!



WITHIN THE IDOL'S HOLLOW SHELL, WHERE ONCE SAVAGE WITCH-DOCTORS CROUCHED.

MY TRICK'S GOT ALL OF THEM! YOU'LL FIND THE MONKEY AND THE DONKEY FAIRLY REASONABLE—BUT NOT THE GORILLA!

I STILL SAY IT'S BLACK MAGIC, JORDAN!

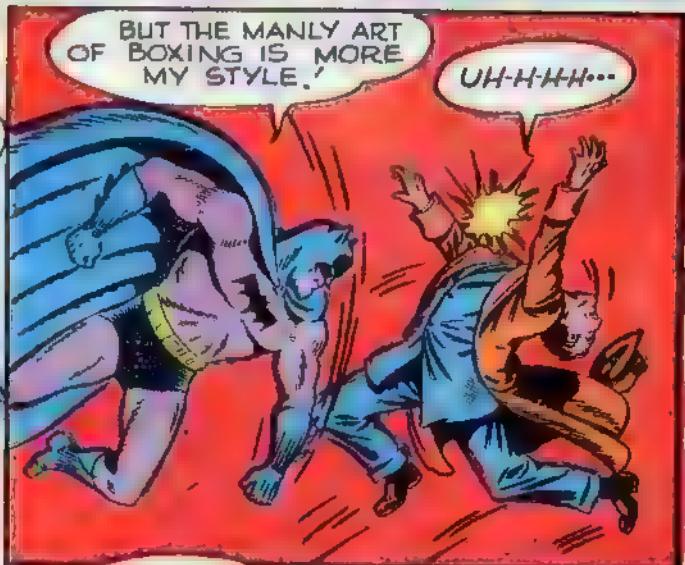
CHEEP CHEEP!

FIRST TIME I EVER HAD A CROOK EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

THE BIG FELLOW LOOKS AS IF HE'D LIKE TO EAT ME!



IT'S ONE OF NATURE'S MOST AMAZING TRICKS! WHEN YOU BURN THE DATURA FASTUOSA DRUG, ITS SMOKE DRUGS MEN SO THEY THINK THEY'RE ANIMALS! WITCH DOCTORS USE THIS TRICK OFTEN!



FROM NOW ON, I GUESS, THIS EX-GORILLA WON'T DO ANY MORE GLOBE-TROTTING THAN I WILL!

NOT AS MUCH! SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO DO PLENTY, JORDAN!





IN THE MORNING...

YOUR EXPERIENCE BEATS ANY I'VE HAD IN THE JUNGLES! BUT HOW DID YOUR HEART STAND IT, JORDAN?

I'VE A THEORY ABOUT THAT, LAMARR!



IT'S BATMAN'S THEORY, TOO! HE THINKS THE DOCTOR'S EQUIPMENT WASN'T WORKING RIGHT!

INCREDIBLE! BUT I'LL CALL HIM!



MINUTES LATER...

I CHECKED THE MACHINE! IT WAS OUT OF ORDER! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JORDAN—

NEVER MIND THAT, DOC! JUST GIVE IT ANOTHER CHANCE AT ME— IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S OKAY NOW!



YOUR HEART IS PERFECT!

YOU'RE IN! LET ME BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU— THEN YOU CONGRATULATE ME!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

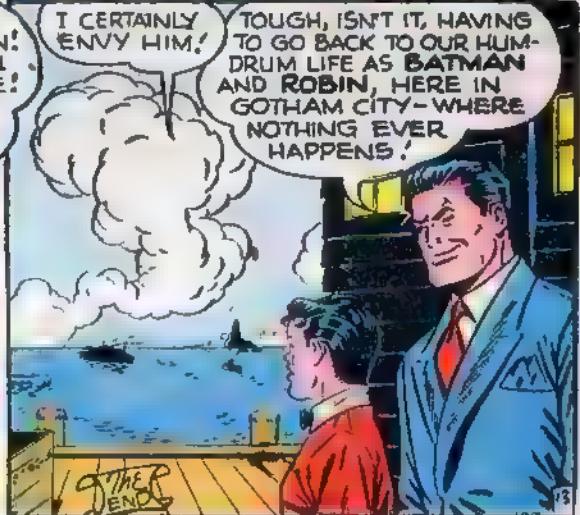
GEE, MR. WAYNE, I'M LUCKY! AND I OWE IT TO YOU— AND TO BATMAN AND ROBIN!

BUT MOSTLY TO YOURSELF, JORDAN! YOU WERE BORN FOR ADVENTURE! YOU COULDN'T DODGE IT IF YOU TRIED!

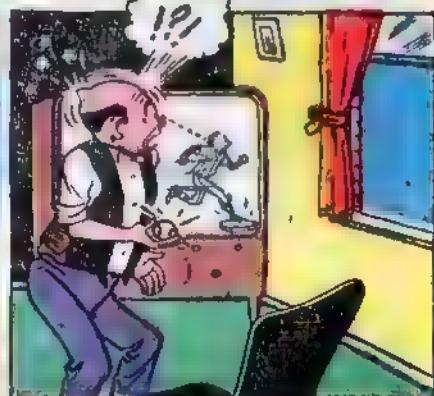
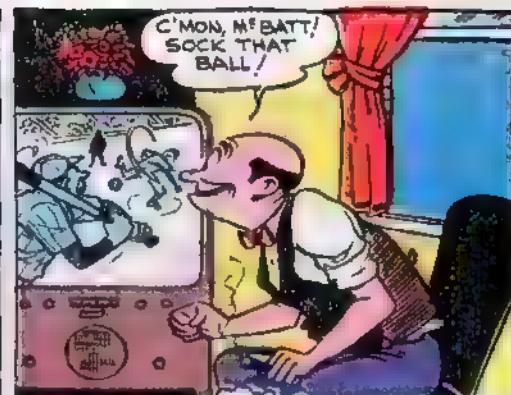


I CERTAINLY ENVY HIM!

TOUGH, ISN'T IT, HAVING TO GO BACK TO OUR HUMDRUM LIFE AS BATMAN AND ROBIN, HERE IN GOTHAM CITY— WHERE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!



Your favorite crime-busting team— BATMAN AND ROBIN also appear in DETECTIVE COMICS and WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



ADVERTISEMENT

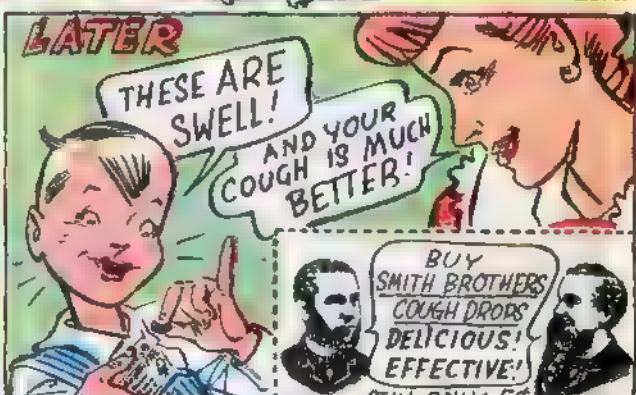
juniorjim . . . by S.B. Black



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS HELP

- ① Ease Tickles
- ② Soothe Membranes
- ③ Loosen phlegm

*for coughs due to colds



STRANGE TERRITORY

BY M. G. PATTINGTON

LOUIS "The Breaker," last name long lost in a trail of many aliases, stretched powerful arms over his close-cropped head and yawned as the sheriff turned the key. Louis was disgusted. Cooped up in a county jail merely for trying to relieve a country shopper of her pocketbook. Just his luck she had happened to hear the catch on the handbag snap when his deft fingers had opened it. Some more of the same luck when the big fellow at the next counter happened to be the county sheriff.

"Never did care for these strange hick places," Louis grumbled to himself as the sheriff's steps died away. "And when they get those finger prints checked they'll have a guard outside this cage in a hurry. They don't forget a cop killer."

Stepping softly to the door of his cell, Louis listened. A closing door at the end of the corridor was proof enough that the sheriff had returned to his office. Louis wasted no time. It's just possible this lawman will go to the trouble of using the telegraph. Louis thought to himself. He had no delusions about this being a one-horse jail, for the quick glance he had made of the sheriff's equipment had shown that it was up-to-date. Louis knew that rural law officers now took police courses.

Quickly bending over, the Breaker ran a finger down inside a pant's cuff, broke a couple of threads and produced an eight inch length of fine saw blade that would bite through almost any metal bar. A pipe that the sheriff had allowed Louis to keep, when the mouthpiece was pulled out, became a cleverly designed handle. Louis

went to work.

"That does it," the Breaker whispered to himself as he wiped the sweat from his face, braced his feet against the cell wall and bent the cut bars in, leaving an opening large enough for him to wedge his way through.

No one was in sight along the dimly lit alley as he dropped to the ground. Louis headed straight for the local hardware store and the showcase full of guns he had spotted when he first arrived in town. Louis made a practice of noticing such things. Off came a shoe, and the soft gum sole broke the side window with one well placed smash. A minute later Louis had his gun and bullets. As he stepped back again through the broken window, the jail siren, a couple of blocks down the street screamed out on the night air. Snarling over the quick discovery, Louis raced back through the next alley and reached a country road on the outskirts of the town. Back of him the haunting rise and fall of the jail siren mingled with sounds of an awakened town.

"I'd better cut cross country," he decided.

The going was tough, and an hour's struggling through fields and woods was about all that the Breaker could take. And then to the right a big barn suddenly loomed up. Louis opened a side door and ran squarely into a boy carrying a lantern.

"Just keep still, kid, and you won't get hurt." Louis tried to make his voice soft, for he knew if the boy became pants-stricken, even the sight of his gun wouldn't stop his yelling.

"Who are you?" the boy's voice shook, for the sudden appearance of an armed man out of the night had been startling.

"Never mind who I am, kid. Just answer my questions and keep quiet. Who else is around here?"

"No one," the boy's voice was firm again. "I'm all alone here. Ma's away and Dad left for town an hour ago to join the posse. Sheriff Young called him on the phone. A man wanted for murder just . . ."

The boy stopped suddenly as the burly figure in front drew in his breath with a sharp rasping grunt.

"So, the sheriff knows all 'bout me already. Those teletypes are sure fast. Thanks, kid," Louis' voice rolled a hollow menace in the vastness of the big barn and the boy instinctively stepped back.

"Hold it, kid. I told you to take it easy and you wouldn't get hurt—maybe! Got any old clothes; overalls, a work shirt, straw hat, something like that?"

Louis' brain was working at top speed: "If I get some country clothes I may be able to get through and hop a freight. These checked rags I'm wearing now show up a mile away. But I've got to work fast."

The boy's gaze lifted toward the top of the big barn, "Yes, I—I think Dad has some work clothes up in the loft."

"Well don't stall. How do we get up there?" The gun muzzle stabbed.

"I'll lower the ladder so you can climb up and get 'em," the boy's voice changed slightly as he reached for a hanging rope and Louis made a sudden decision.

"You keep away from that rope, kid. I'll do my own lowering but maybe you can do the climbing."

Louis grabbed the rope that the boy had reached for and gave a quick hard pull.

He dimly heard a rushing sound and then it seemed to him that there were all kinds of lights that revolved around and around, lights that finally exploded in his head leaving him in a thick, overwhelming darkness.

★ ★ ★

"How in the world did you ever get the Breaker to dump that hay on himself, Johnny?" the sheriff wanted to know. In answer to an excited telephone call he had hurried with some of his posse to the farm where he found the boy standing with a loaded gun before a great pile of hay on the barn floor.

"Well, when he wanted some clothes, Sheriff, I told him they were up in the loft. I think he suspected some trick for he insisted on pulling the rope himself. Dad just got a new rope today for the big horse-fork and to stretch it and take the kinks out of it, he socked the fork in half a load of hay, drew it up to the top of the barn with the tractor and left it there. When this fellow pulled what he thought was a ladder rope, he dropped the whole half load from the top of the barn, because he tripped the fork."

The sheriff whistled.

"That much green hay from a thirty-five foot barn rafter packs some punch, Johnny. Almost broke his neck."

"Funny how some of these so-called bad men seem to think they'll have easier going out in the country," the sheriff continued as some of his deputies began to fork away the hay. "Trouble is they generally run into something like this that's strange to them. Like a fish trying to hide on dry land. Kind of out of their element when they get in strange territory."

Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
A DATE WITH JUDY
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS

FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GANG BUSTERS
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

ADVERTISEMENT

JOE DiMAGGIO'S OWN STORY!

How he became one of Big League Baseball's greatest players • The most exciting moments of the past 10 years of Baseball • True stories about 150 stars Joe has played with and against • Famous throws, hits, "tight spots," described by the player who was IN them!

LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE Smash-Hit Baseball Story of the Year!

Here's the baseball fan's thrill of a lifetime—the action-packed, intimate story of "Jolting" Joe DiMaggio, "The Yankee Clipper"—TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS!

Every fan, young and old, will get a tremendous kick out of Joe's great book, "Lucky To Be a Yankee." Here IS Baseball—as real, as crackling, as exciting as a stinger to right field! Joe pulls no punches—on himself or anyone else. He takes you right into the dugouts and out on the diamond, you're right THERE with him, seeing the game through his eyes and living it with him every breathless moment!

HOW TO HIT AND FIELD

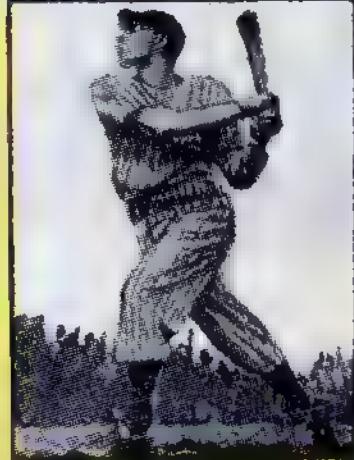
What a book!—244 pages, with many pictures of Baseball's greatest stars. What's more—Joe has written one whole section telling his own secrets of winning the game!

THE REAL STORY
OF BIG LEAGUE
BASEBALL WITH
34 PHOTOS OF
STARS.

PARTIAL CONTENTS:
Introduction by Jim Farley
Foreword—Grandstand Rice
The Old Horse Lot
The First Season
The Second Year
The Third Year
Four in a Row, etc.
Hitting and Fielding
DiMaggio Records, etc.

"INSIDE DOPE" ON 150 GREAT PLAYERS INCLUDING

Lou Boudreau, Spud Chandler, Dizzy Dean, Bill Dickey, Bob Feller, Jimmy Fink, Lou Gehrig, Lefty Gomez, Hank Greenberg, Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell, Joe Medwick, Mel Ott and Babe Ruth



SEND CHECK, CASH OR MONEY
ORDER—TODAY!!
RUSH YOUR ORDER

RUDOLPH FIELD DEPT. INC.
5 COLUMBUS CIRCLE NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Please rush me at once "LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE" by Joe DiMaggio, in

Paper Cover Edition \$1.00—Postpaid

De Luxe Clothbound Edition, \$2.00—Postpaid

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

**EXTRA!! On 82 Orders Only, the Book
Will be Autographed by Joe Personally**

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB
KANE

SUPPOSE ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS WAS THOUGHT TO BE A THIEF—BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IT? SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO PROVE YOUR ANCESTOR'S INNOCENCE—EVEN IF IT MEANT PLAYING DETECTIVE A HUNDRED YEARS BACK IN TIME? IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? THEN BRACE YOURSELF... FOR ONE MAN DID JUST THAT! THAT MAN WAS BRUCE WAYNE... ALIAS THE BATMAN! YES, CRIME MARCHES BACKWARD AS BATMAN PLUNGES ACROSS THE CHASM OF TIME INTO A WORLD OF YESTERDAY TO BECOME...

"THE FIRST AMERICAN DETECTIVE!"

IN THE PALATIAL HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE... (IN REALITY, THE BATMAN!)... GUESTS VIEW THE PORTRAITS OF BRUCE'S ANCESTORS...

QUITE A FAMILY, BRUCE!
WHO'S THE ROUGH RIDER?

WINSLOW WAYNE! HE FOUGHT BESIDE
TEDDY ROOSEVELT! NEXT TO HIM IS
GENERAL HERKIMER WAYNE—
WAR OF 1812!



AND WHO'S THIS?
SILAS WAYNE! HE WAS A
PHILADELPHIA SILVER-
SMITH AND... UH...
A HIGHWAYMAN!

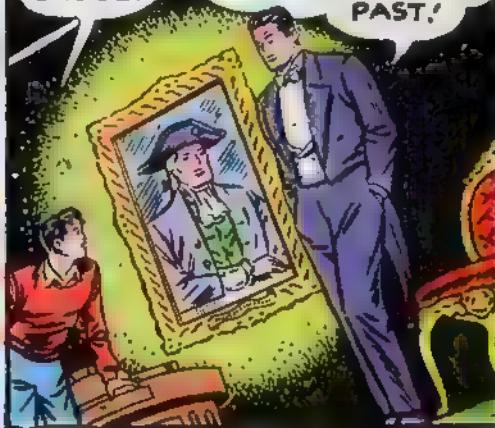
SO! THE FAMILY
BLACK SHEEP!
TST TST!
SCANDALOUS,
OLD BOY!
HA! HA!



LATER... BRUCE STANDS ALONE WITH
HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

ODD HOW HE
RESEMBLES
YOU,
BRUCE!

YES... SOMEHOW I'VE
ALWAYS FELT A BOND
BETWEEN US—AS IF
WE'D MET... IN THE
PAST!



HIGHWAYMEN WERE HANGED
IN THOSE DAYS, BUT SILAS
WASN'T! THAT'S ALWAYS
PUZZLED ME!

MAYBE HE WASN'T
GUILTY...



BUT I GUESS
THAT'S SOMETHING THAT
NOT EVEN BATMAN
CAN PROVE...

WAIT A MINUTE! WHY
NOT? PROFESSOR
NICHOLS CAN SEND ME
BACK INTO THE PAST AS
HE'S DONE BEFORE!
DO YOU WANT
TO COME ALONG,
DICK?

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT—THE MOST AMAZING DETEC-
TIVE CASE OF ALL TIME—AS BATMAN OF THE YEAR
1947 ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE A MYSTERY OF THE YEAR
1787!

LATER...

WELL... THEN AT
LEAST I'LL KNOW
THE TRUTH!WAIT! SUPPOSE...
YOU PROVE SILAS
WAS A HIGH-
WAYMAN?

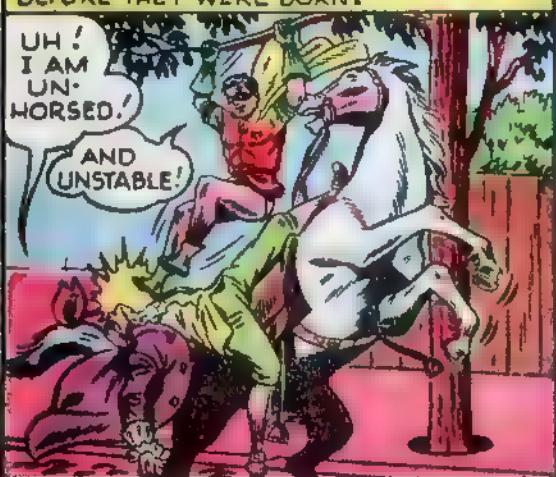
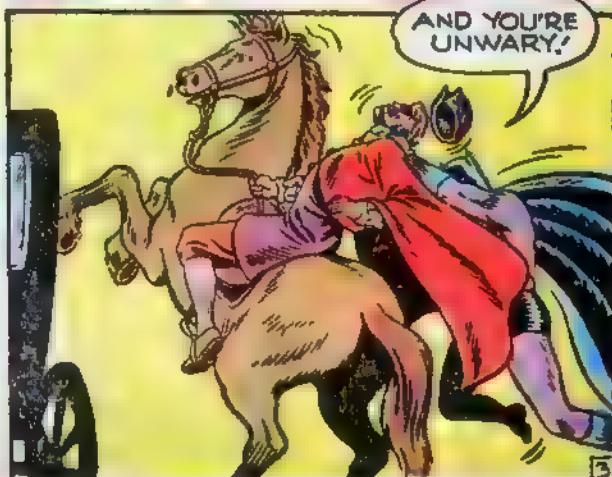
SOON... IN A DARKENED ROOM...

THE PRESENT IS FADING...
YOU ARE GOING BACK...
BACK TO ANOTHER
CENTURY....THEN... THE SENSATION OF RUSHING
THROUGH DARK SPACE... AND ABRUPTLY
THE DAYLIGHT OF PHILADELPHIA IN THE
YEAR 1787!

THIS IS IT!

STAND AND
DELIVER!SUDDENLY... THE CLATTER OF HOOFs... A HOARSE
CRY...HIGHWAYMEN!
DO YOU THINK
IT'S SILAS?IF IT IS—WELL
FIND OUT AS
BATMAN AND
ROBIN!

GOLLY!

OUTER GARMENTS DISCARDED, THE DYNAMIC
DUO TACKLES THEIR NEWEST CASE—DECades
BEFORE THEY WERE BORN!UH!
I AM
UN-
HORSED!AND
UNSTABLE!AND YOU'RE
UNWARY!

SUDDENLY IRATE CITIZENS POUR FROM HOUSES...

HIGHWAYMEN AGAIN!

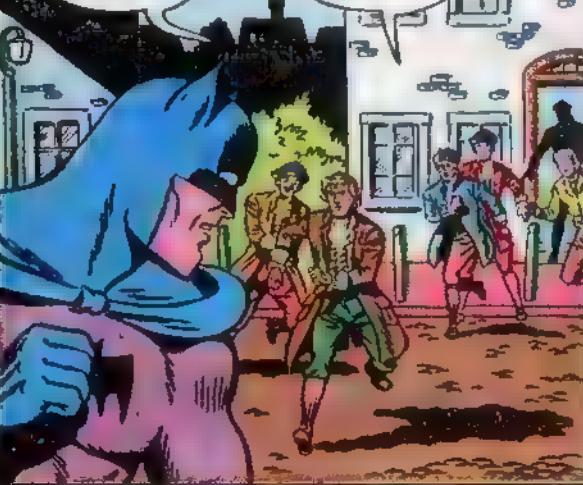
THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK!

THE OTHERS GALLOP OFF!

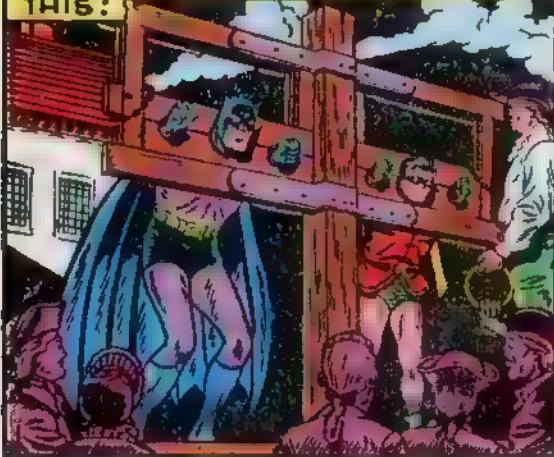
BUT WE STILL HOLD THEIR MASKED COMRADES!

TO THE PILLORY WITH THEM!

NO... YOU'RE WRONG...

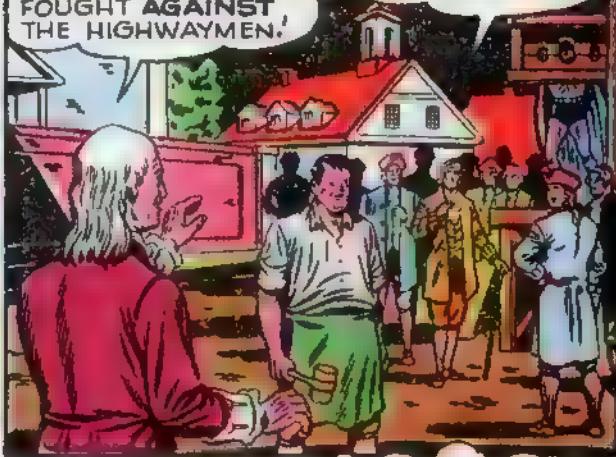


CERTAINLY IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS THE CRIMEBUSTERS NEVER EXPECTED THIS!



RELEASE THEM! THEY ARE NOT BANDITS! THEY FOUGHT AGAINST THE HIGHWAYMEN!

IT'S DOCTOR BEN FRANKLIN!



BEN FRANKLIN—SCIENTIST, WRITER, STATESMAN... ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED MEN OF HIS DAY!

COME, GAOLER... I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE! RELEASE THEM!

GOLLY! IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE GET BEN FRANKLIN FOR OUR LAWYER!

BUT, DOCTOR, EXACTLY! FROM THEIR COSTUMES, IT IS OBVIOUS THEY ARE MERELY STROLLING ACTORS!

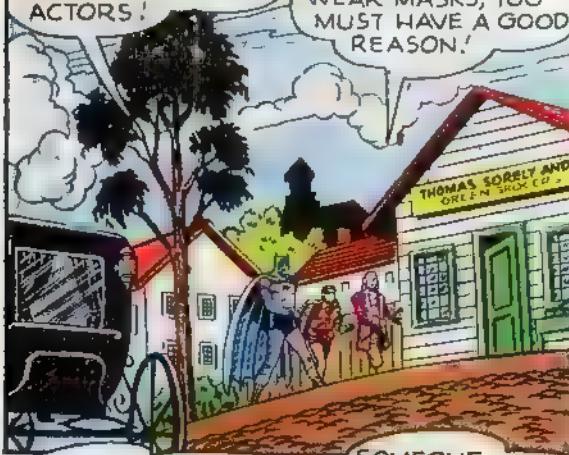




LATER... FREE AGAIN!

DOCTOR FRANKLIN,
WE'RE NOT REALLY
ACTORS!

I KNEW THAT! BUT
YOUR EYES SHOW
HONESTY—IF YOU
WEAR MASKS, YOU
MUST HAVE A GOOD
REASON!



STRANGE! THERE IS AN
ANGRY CROWD BEFORE
THE SHOP OF SILVER-
SMITH SILAS
WAYNE!

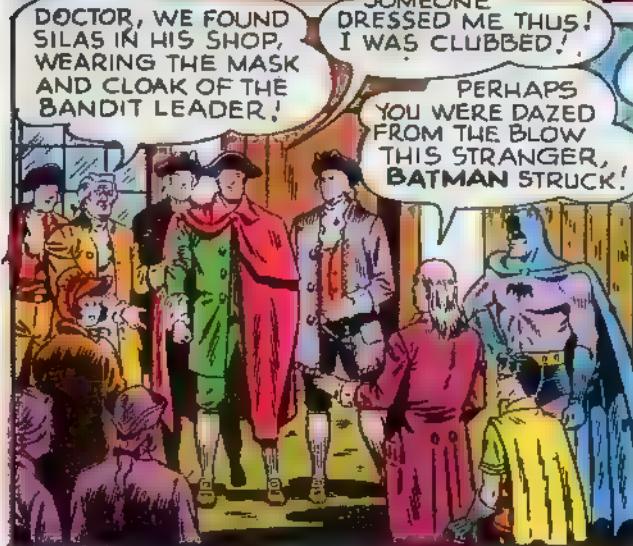
SILAS WAYNE!
MY ANCESTOR!



DOCTOR, WE FOUND
SILAS IN HIS SHOP,
WEARING THE MASK
AND CLOAK OF THE
BANDIT LEADER!

SOMEONE
DRESSED ME THUS!
I WAS CLUBBED!

PERHAPS
YOU WERE DAZED
FROM THE BLOW
THIS STRANGER,
BATMAN STRUCK!

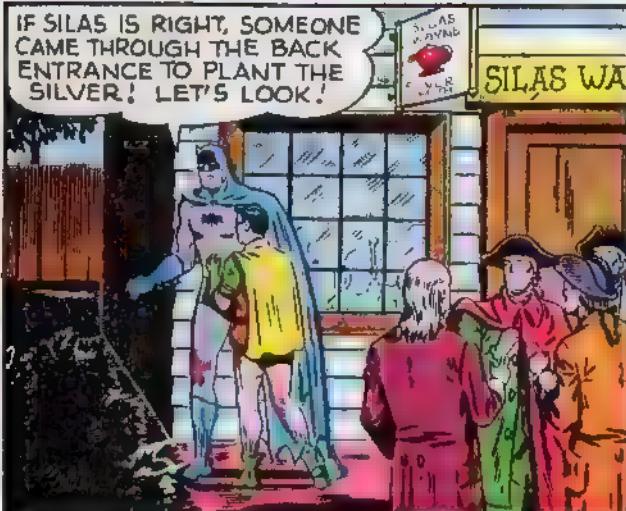


DO YOU DENY STOLEN
SILVERWARE, BEARING
MY FAMILY CREST, IS IN
YOUR SHOP?

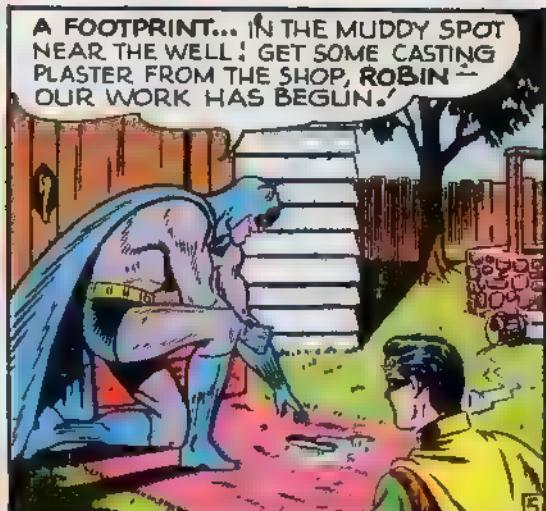
NO! BUT SOMEONE
PUT THE SILVER
THERE TO INJURE
ME!



IF SILAS IS RIGHT, SOMEONE
CAME THROUGH THE BACK
ENTRANCE TO PLANT THE
SILVER! LET'S LOOK!



A FOOTPRINT... IN THE MUDDY SPOT
NEAR THE WELL! GET SOME CASTING
PLASTER FROM THE SHOP, ROBIN—
OUR WORK HAS BEGUN!



AS THEY RETURN, A LOVELY GIRL DARTS FORWARD...

SILAS, BELOVED...

COME, MY SISTER... DO NOT ADDRESS THIS TREACHEROUS DOG!

YOU CALL ME THAT! YOU WHO WERE ONCE A TORY?

SILAS, I MUST GO NOW! YES, MARTHA... 'MY MOTHER'S HEART' I KNOW IT CONDITION... ONLY TOO WELL!

OH... THIS EXCITEMENT! I FEEL FAINT!

MOMENTS LATER... IN A HOUSE OPPOSITE SILAS' SHOP...

HE DARES CALL ME A TORY... THAT COMMONER!

IT WAS THE SO-CALLED 'COMMONERS' WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM! YOU FORGET THE REVOLUTION IS WON!

I CANNOT FORGET THEY BURNED OUR LANDS BECAUSE I WAS A LOYALIST! BUT NOW I HAVE MONEY AGAIN! SOON WE SAIL FOR ENGLAND!

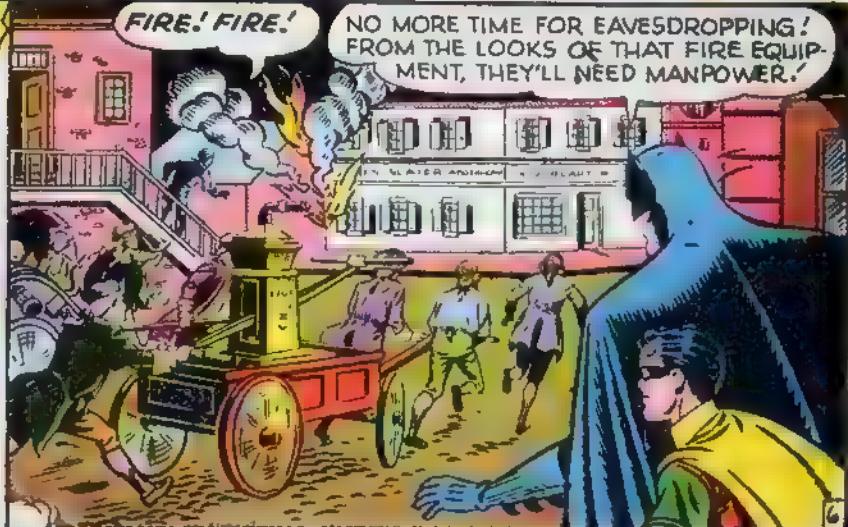
I DO NOT KNOW HOW YOU GOT MONEY, HENRY... BUT I REMAIN HERE... AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!

SUDDENLY—THE LIBERTY BELL RINGS AGAIN—WARNING OF A NEW DANGER!

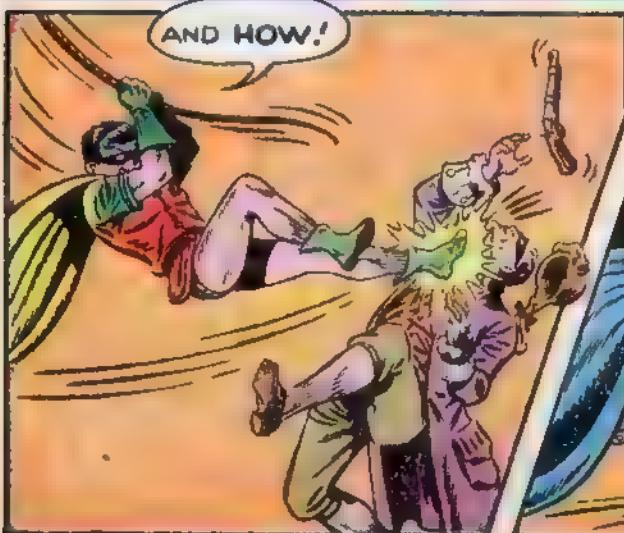
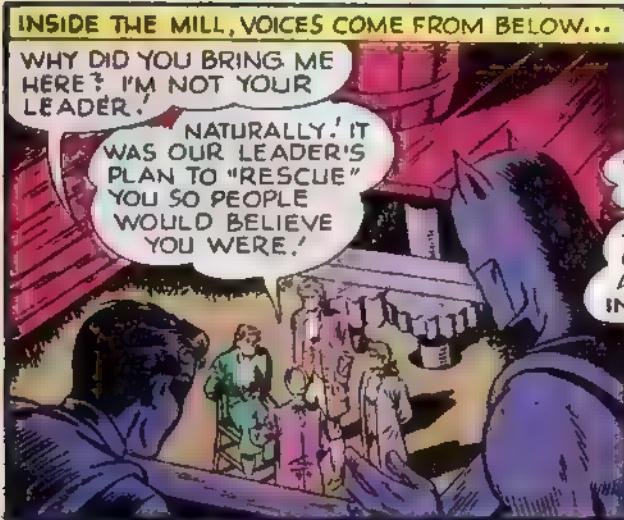
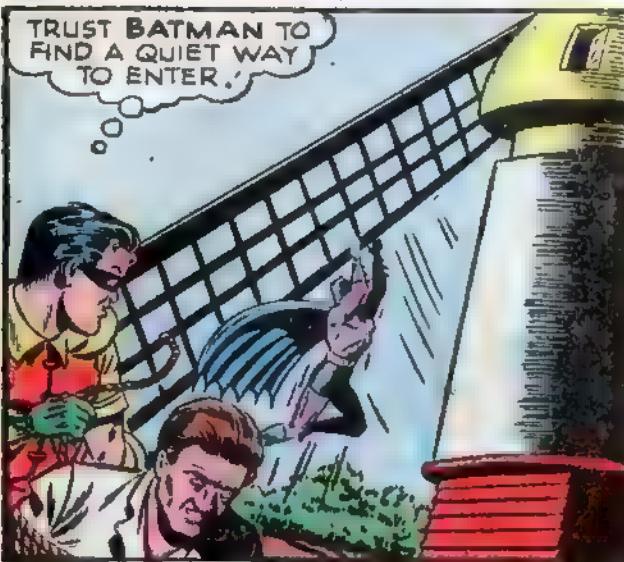


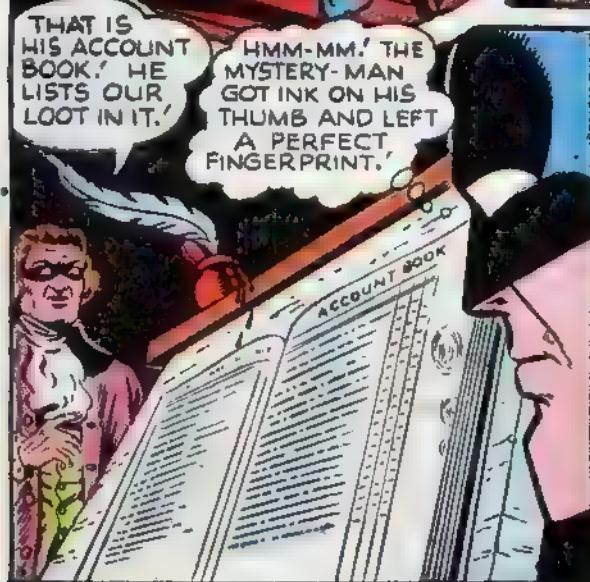
FIRE! FIRE!

NO MORE TIME FOR EAVESDROPPING! FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT FIRE EQUIPMENT, THEY'LL NEED MANPOWER.

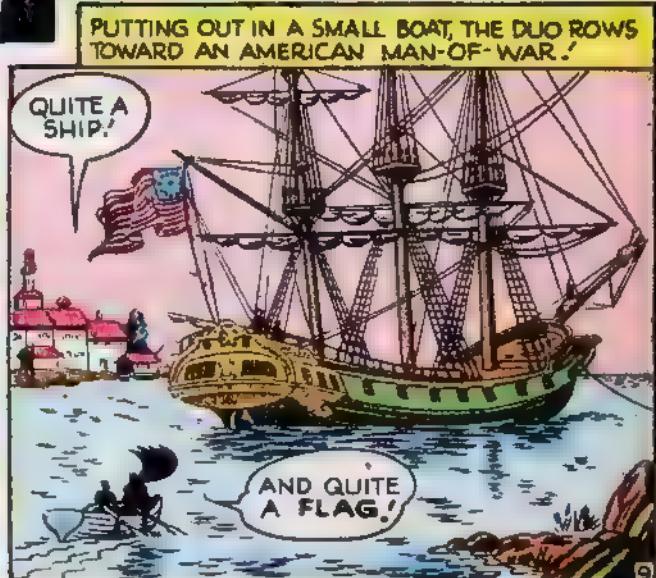


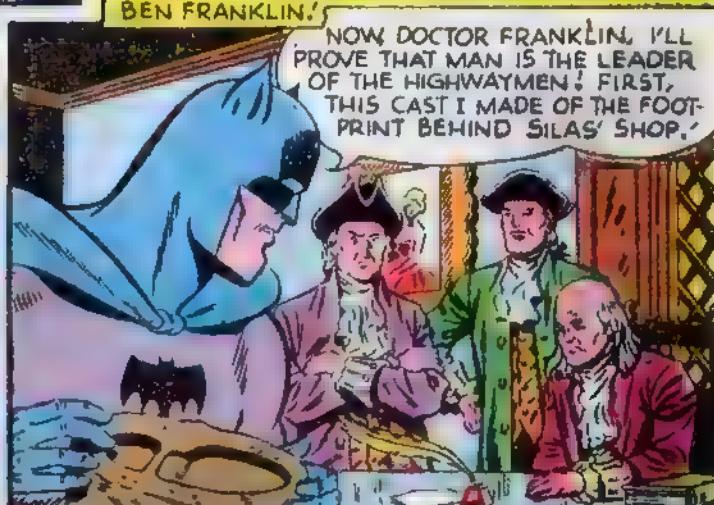
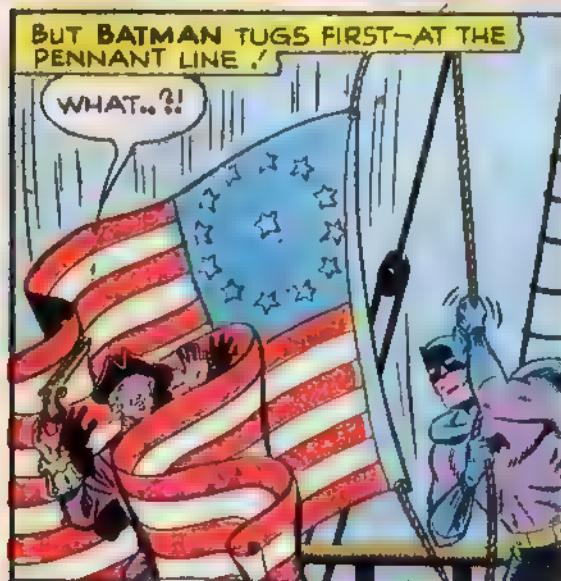
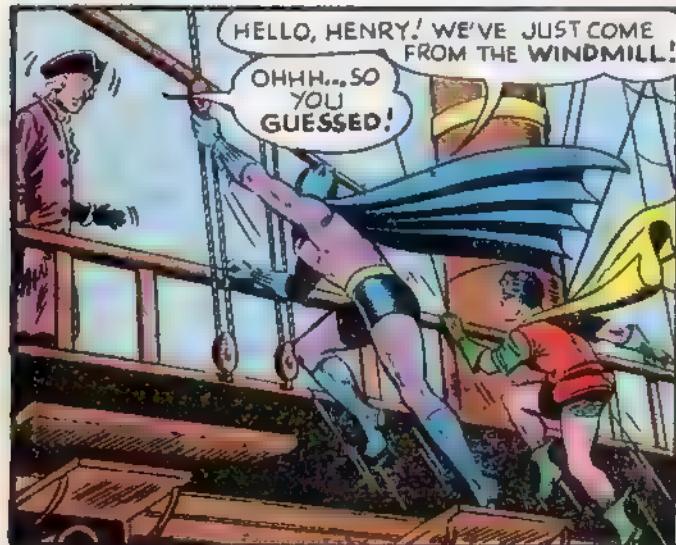






ABRUPTLY, BATMAN CONCEIVES HIS PLAN...





REMOVING THE TORY'S BOOT, BATMAN INDICATES THE OBVIOUS SIMILARITIES.

EVERY MARKING MATCHES! THIS PROVES HENRY GANT PUT HIS OWN SILVER IN SILAS' SHOP!

THAT IS NO PROOF THAT I AM THE HIGHWAYMAN!

NO... BUT YOUR FINGERPRINTS WILL PROVE THAT!

WHAT ARE... FINGER-PRINTS?



REMEMBER, THIS IS THE YEAR 1787... AND FINGER-PRINTS WERE NOT OFFICIALLY USED IN CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION UNTIL 1903!

ON OUR FINGER-TIPS ARE MILLIONS OF TINY PORES THAT FORM A PATTERN IN A SPECIFIC RIDGE-AND-FURROW DESIGN.

HMM-MM! BUT IS IT NOT POSSIBLE FOR TWO PEOPLE TO HAVE SIMILAR FINGERPRINTS?

ACCORDING TO A MATHEMATICAL CHECK IT'S BEEN SHOWN THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE CHANCE IN SIXTY-FOUR MILLION!

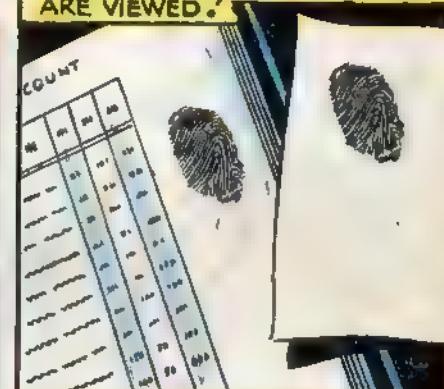


DOCTOR FRANKLIN, THIS IS WITCHCRAFT!

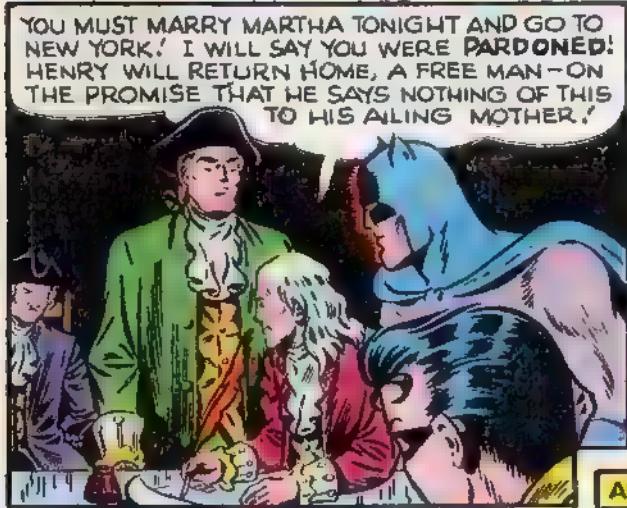
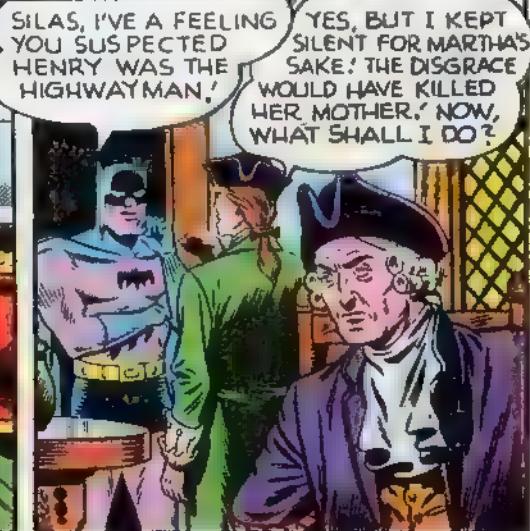
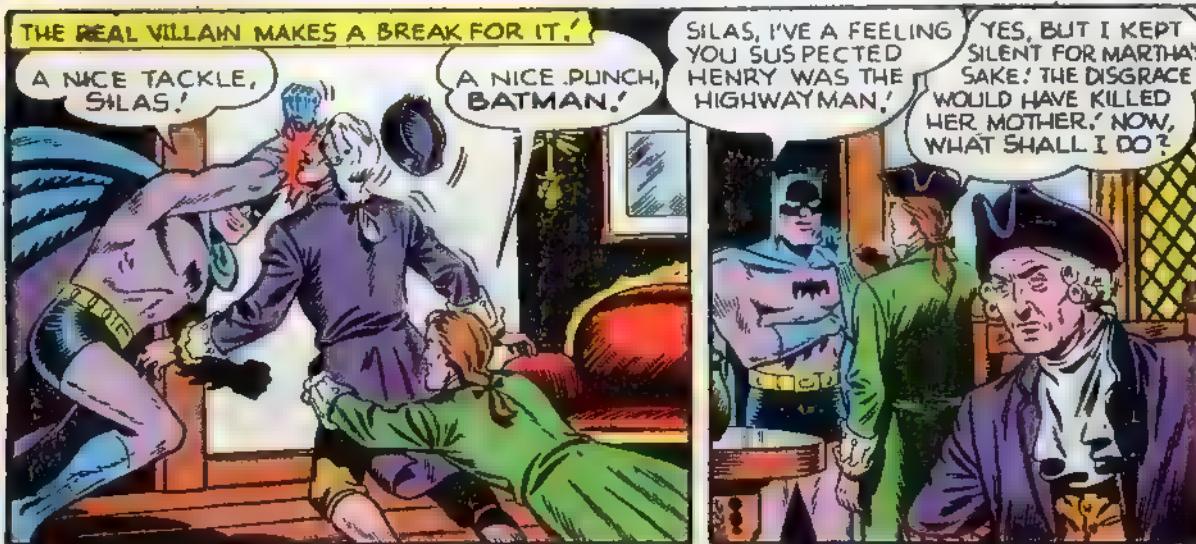
I LEARNED LONG SINCE THAT PEOPLE CRY "WITCHCRAFT" WHEN THEY ARE IGNORANT AND AFRAID OF KNOWLEDGE!



PRESENTLY, THE NEWLY-INKED PRINT AND THE HIGHWAYMAN'S PRINT ON THE ACCOUNT BOOK ARE VIEWED.



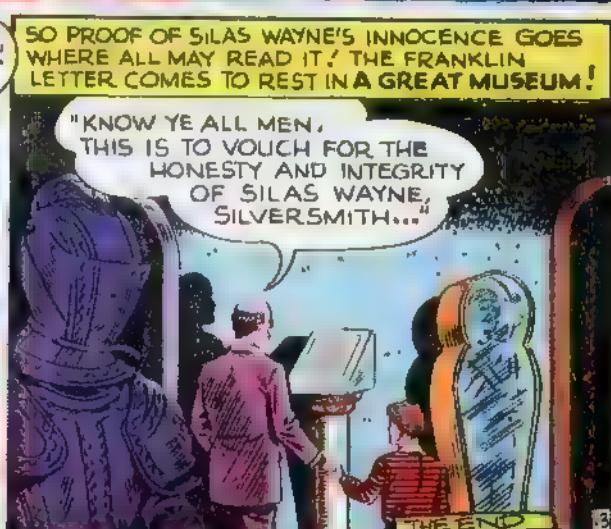
THE PRINTS ARE IDENTICAL!



THEN—THE SUDDEN AWAKENING—IN 1947!

THE LIBERTY BELL...
AND THAT CLOCK...
RINGING ACROSS
THE YEARS!BONG!
BONG!
BONG!

LATER...HOME AGAIN!

WE SOLVED THE MYSTERY,
BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE
PROOF OF SILAS'
INNOCENCE!WE FAILED,
AFTER ALL.
NOT A CLUE TO
THAT PAPER!

THE END

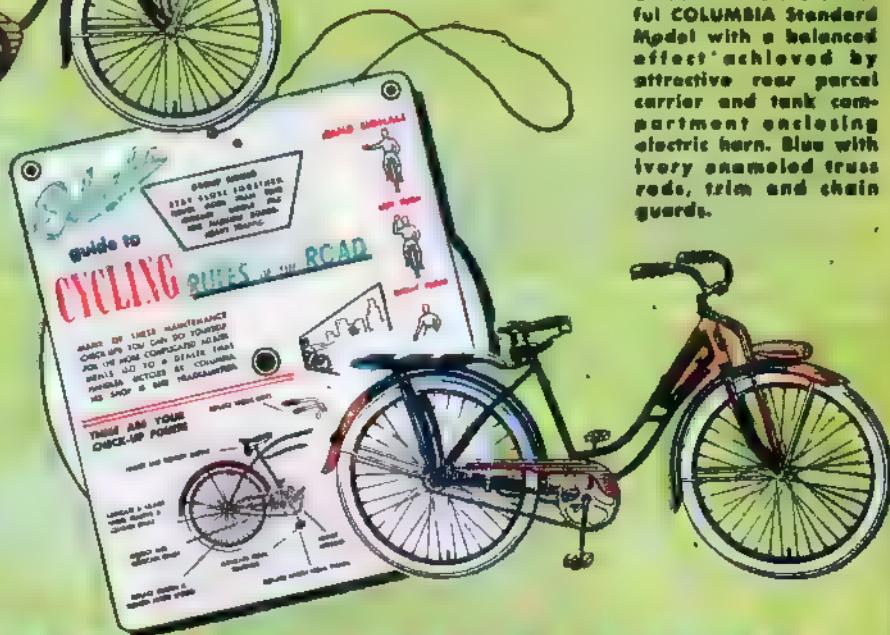
SEE ROBIN THE BOY WONDER SMASH CRIME SINGLEHANDED
Each month in STAR-SPANGLED COMICS

RIDE THE RIGHT BIKE...



BOYS—Here's the sleek COLUMBIA Standard Equipped Model with snug-fitting tank, push button electric horn and other special COLUMBIA features. Red with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guard, sturdy luggage carrier.

...and you'll get more fun out of cycling, for cycling pleasure depends on comfort and trouble-free performance. For years of smooth carefree service, you can rely on Bicycles by COLUMBIA.



GIRLS—Here's the colorful COLUMBIA Standard Model with a balanced effect achieved by attractive rear parcel carrier and tank compartment enclosing electric horn. Blue with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guards.

AND RIDE YOUR BIKE RIGHT...



"If you want to be a CRACK BICYCLE ENGINEER, get this new COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says THOMAS L. PERKINS, CRACK ENGINEER of the "20th CENTURY LIMITED."



"You can learn to be a real 'ACE ON A BIKE' if you follow the COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says Captain O. M. Gove, famous TWA PILOT.

with the help of the COLUMBIA "Rotating-Dial" GUIDE to CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD (pictured above). It's the sound, easy way to learn to become an expert cyclist. Illustrates 16 rules, also gives traffic and hand signals, together with check-chart for bicycle maintenance. Fill in and mail the coupon below with 10¢ in coin to cover cost of mailing. (Dials mailed only in U. S.)

Columbia

Since 1877—
America's FIRST Bicycle



COLUMBIA BICYCLES,
Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N. Y.

Here is 10¢ in coin for my "Rotating-Dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD.

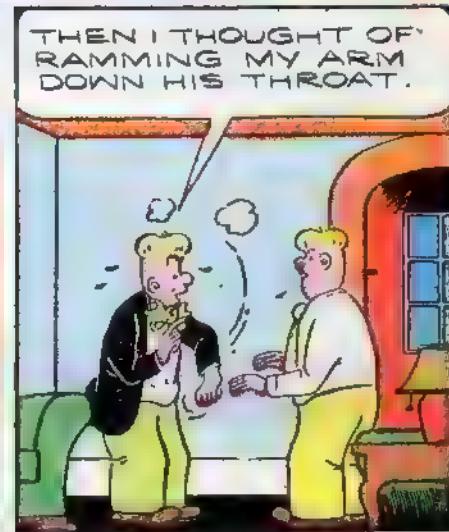
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: Offer applies only to residents of U. S.

DAFFY DODGE



Amazing LIFEBOUY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

**BOYS!
GIRLS!
HURRY**

MY
SECRETS
OF

MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE

WORLD'S FOREMOST
MAGICIAN



Get your Magic Book today—amaze your friends

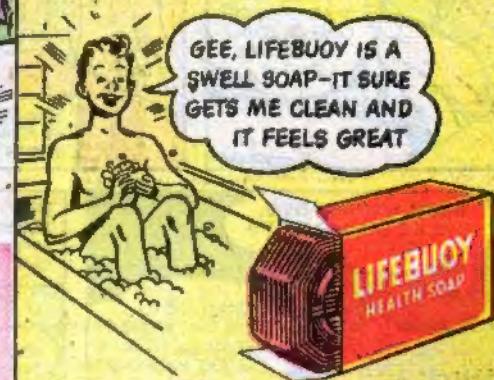
More than 60 baffling tricks! Number tricks! Match tricks! Mind-reading tricks! Yes, this fascinating book is chock-full of clever tricks of all kinds . . . with simple explanations of Blackstone's own secret ways of doing them. And they're all "easy as pie" to learn. If you want to have barrels of fun fooling your friends with feats of magic—if you want to be the "hit" of every party . . . send for your Magic Book right now!



SEND ONLY 15¢ WITH ONE
LIFEBOUY BOX TOP

Discover How Wonderful a
LIFEBOUY Bath Really Is!

USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

P. O. Box 1, New York 5, N. Y.

Please rush me one copy of "MY SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Blackstone. I enclose one Lifebuoy Soap box top and 15 cents in coin.

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948.)

SAM AND EFFIE ARE SPENDING SUNDAY AT LOONEY CRAB-CLAW BAY. AS THEY WALK ON THE BEACH, EFFIE NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR, AND REMARKS...

THE CASE OF
"THE WEB-FOOTED
BURGLAR"

SAM, LOOK
AT THOSE
FUNNY BIG
TRACKS!

YEA! KIND OF LIKE OVER-GROWN DUCK
FEET, AREN'T THEY? HEY LISTEN...

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sun. evg. on your Columbia (CBS) System station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BABY?
SOMEONE SWIPE
YOUR CLOTHES?

WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK SOMEONE
CAME ABOARD—
ONE OF THESE
GUYS PROBABLY
DID THE JOB!

THEN WHO MADE THIS PATH
OF WATER ACROSS THE
DECK TO MY CABIN?

WORSE THAN
THAT—SOMEONE
CAME ON BOARD
AND STOLE MY
JEWELRY

SAM EXAMINES THE DECK, THEN
HE REMEMBERS THE TRACKS EFFIE
SAW IN THE SAND. AND...

THAT'LL HOLD HIM! EFFIE,
TAKE THE CAR AND GET THE
POLICE!

OKAY! AND I'LL
BRING THAT WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FROM THE
CAR, TOO. YOUR HAIR'S
A MESS!

TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE IF YOU WANT 'EM
TO NOTICE A BIG IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR
APPEARANCE. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC AND USE IT REGULARLY

HERE
THEY
COME,
SAM!

GOOD! THE
CHIEF'LL BE
GLAD TO GET
THIS GUY!

**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC**

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES Dandruff
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF
WILDROOT OIL

LATER...

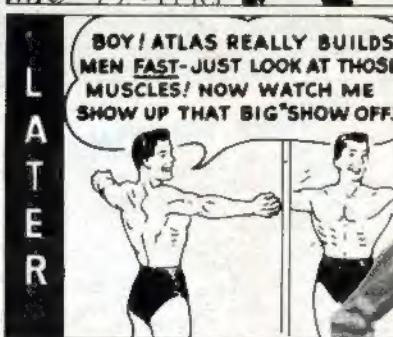
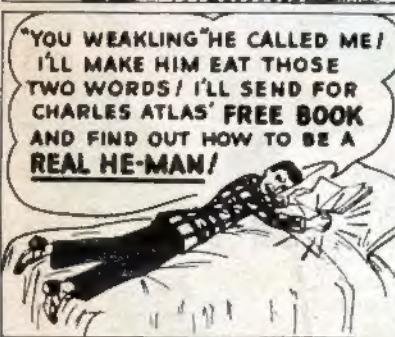
SAM, WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THAT SILLY
DIVING SUIT?

GOT A DATE WITH
THAT BABE ON THE
BOAT SWEETHEART,
AND WHO KNOWS—
I MAY HAVE TO
SWIM HOME

I KNOW SWEETHEART,
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS
USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL.
BUT LISTEN TO
THAT DAMSEL IN
DISTRESS

SAM, COME BACK
HERE, WATER'S
BAD FOR YOUR
HAIR!

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make **YOU** a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you like Mac, are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITIED instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day. That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peopled, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how advanced your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it, I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellow have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 35412, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 35412 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOMMY FRIEDMAN—VOTED

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

"MOST Popular BOY"

IN HIS CLASS at FOREST PARK
HIGH SCHOOL, Baltimore, Md.



TOMMY FRIEDMAN is certainly "Big Man on Campus" at Forest Park High, Baltimore! Elected "Most Popular," he's also "Most Likely to Succeed" and "Most All-Around." Big interest is politics, public speaking. Plays Jayvee basketball, active in student government. Favorite subject—Chemistry; Pet "Peeve"—back-seat drivers. Over 6 feet tall, he thinks Thom McAn's GroScope a good idea because it protects boys and girls against stunting their foot growth with outgrown shoes.



HONOR-ROLL
STUDENT THROUGHOUT
HIGH SCHOOL.

REPRESENTED BALTIMORE
U.N. YOUTH IN N.Y. GREAT
THRILL WAS HEARING
GEN. EISENHOWER SPEAK.

INTENDS TO
STUDY MEDICINE.

LOVES TO EXPERIMENT
WITH STRANGE FOREIGN DISHES.



"3 OUT OF 4 YOUNGSTERS WEAR OUT-GROWN SHOES"—SAYS NATIONWIDE SURVEY, AND THERE'S USUALLY NO PAIN TO GIVE YOU WARNING—BECAUSE SOFT BONES IN GROWING FEET DON'T "CRY-OUT." BUT THOM MCAN'S EXCLUSIVE GRO-CHART WARNS YOU IN TIME, GIVES YOU CONTINUOUS PROTECTION AGAINST STUNTING YOUR FOOT GROWTH.

TOM'S CHOICE
OF THE LATEST THOM MCAN
STYLES IN BOYS' SHOES IS
THIS STURDY BEAUTY IN
RICH GRAIN-LEATHER.
(BOYS' STYLE NO. X 24;
MENS' STYLE
NO. 304)



Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

